

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

John England: 1786--1842

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The Malines Conversations

By HENRY ST. JOHN, O.P.

The Ultra Violet

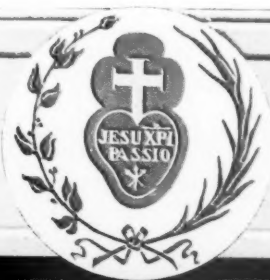
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Vol. 7, No. 8

March, 1928

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The + Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Editor Asks You Seven Questions

TO THE READERS OF THE SIGN.
MY DEAR FRIENDS:

What do you know about conditions in Mexico? Do you know that the Calles Government is bitterly anti-Catholic and anti-God? Do you know that Catholics in Mexico are being hounded and jailed for no other crime than assistance at Holy Mass? Are you willing to spread the truth about conditions in Mexico by distributing our Mexican pamphlet written by Mr. Francis McCullagh? Will you send us a money contribution that we may broadcast this pamphlet?


If you haven't the money to spare will you please send us the names and addresses of persons you know who will read the pamphlet?

Will you write me about the pamphlet?

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

Please read the following four pages

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE PASSIONIST FATHERS MONASTERY PLACE UNION CITY, N. J.</p> <p>All Money Accruing from the Publication of THE SIGN goes to the Support of the Passionist Missions in China.</p> |  <p>The Sign</p> <p>A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE UNION CITY N. J.</p> | <p>SUBSCRIPTION RATES:</p> <p>One Year - - - \$2.00 Three Years - - - \$5.00 Life - - - - \$50.00</p> <p>CANADA: 25c Extra FOREIGN: 50c Extra</p> <p>All Checks and Money Orders Should Be Made Payable to THE SIGN. Cash Should Be Sent in Registered Letters.</p> |
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Volume Seven

March, 1928

Number Eight

Current Fact and Comment

Spreading the Truth About Mexico

IT IS A source of genuine pleasure to us to note the generous response made to our efforts in spreading the truth about Mexico by publishing in pamphlet form Mr. Francis McCullagh's enlightening articles on "The Mexican Gang" and "At Mexican Headquarters."

From every section of the country, from members of the hierarchy and the clergy, from prominent laymen and women, we have received such hearty commendation that we are even more fully than formerly convinced of the good to be accomplished by the continued and wider distribution of this pamphlet.

May we ask every reader of THE SIGN to help us in this work. The pitiful condition of our persecuted brethren in Mexico should surely arouse our interest and elicit our sympathy. To be indifferent to them is to stamp ourselves as untrue to our American principles of justice and fair play, is to stand idly by while ninety per cent of the population of a neighbor nation are being hounded and persecuted for no other offence than the reception of the sacraments or assistance at the Holy Mass!

If every one of our 72,000 subscribers would purchase a few copies of this pamphlet and distribute them, what an immense amount of good would be ultimately effected. Our purpose in publishing the pamphlet is *not to make money but to do good*. Donations for its wider circulation will be cheerfully accepted. But if any of our readers cannot pay for copies we shall be glad to send free copies to them or to any others,

Catholics and non-Catholics alike, who may send for them. Let us have names and addresses as soon as possible. The quicker we act, the sooner we may look for results!

Cardinal Dougherty Suggests

FROM His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Philadelphia, comes a happy suggestion which we have already acted upon. To him the pamphlet "will be instructive, judging from the works already published on other matters by Mr. McCullagh."

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,
PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 17, 1928.

MY DEAR FATHER HAROLD:

Your esteemed letter of February 14, 1928, has been received, together with the pamphlet, which you sent me, on the situation in Mexico.

I shall read the pamphlet as soon as possible and I am sure that it will be instructive, judging from the works already published on other matters by Mr. McCullagh.

Permit me to congratulate you on your work of spreading the light by distributing this pamphlet.

I trust that from President Coolidge down through the Senate and the House of Representatives, not omitting the Cabinet Ministers, all Government Officials and politicians may get a copy of the pamphlet.

Thanking you for sending me a copy, I remain my dear Father Harold,

Very sincerely yours,

✠ D. CARD. DOUGHERTY,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

THE † SIGN

"Temperate and Restrained"

THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN J. DUNN, at present Administrator of the Archdiocese of New York, finds McCullagh's pamphlet a "grisy tale," but "temperate and restrained when the real conditions are weighed."

VICAR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
477 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK,

FEBRUARY 14, 1928.

DEAR FATHER PURCELL:

Kindly send me a thousand booklets. It is indeed a gristy tale that McCullagh tells but temperate and restrained when the real conditions are weighed. You are doing a splendid work in spreading the knowledge of Mexico as it is and not as it is known through propaganda. God's blessing on you for it. I would be glad to have the copies for distribution Sunday if that be possible.

With a blessing, I am,

Yours in Christ,

†JOHN J. DUNN, ADM.

One Who Knows "The Gang"

PERHAPS no one in the United States, certainly no Catholic, has done more than Dr. Kelley, now Bishop of Oklahoma, to describe truthfully the terrible conditions that existed in Mexico under a former administration. His "Book of Red and Yellow" was the result of authentic information gained first-hand and by personal observation.

ST. JOSEPH'S,
HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARK.,
FEBRUARY 16, 1928.

REVEREND HAROLD PURCELL, C.P.

CARE OF THE SIGN,
UNION CITY, N. J.

DEAR FATHER PURCELL:

I received your letter of February 10th which was forwarded from Oklahoma City. I thank you for sending me the pamphlet. I know Captain McCullagh personally. He came to see me before he went to Mexico for the first time and stayed some days at my house after he came out on his last visit.

There is need for literature on the subject. If you could afford it, it might be well to send sample copies and price of the pamphlet to the clergy.

With best wishes and kindest regards,

†FRANCIS C. KELLEY,
Bishop of Oklahoma.

Worse than the Unspeakable Turk

THE CHARGE has been made that certain Catholic organizations in this country, especially the Knights of Columbus, are urging intervention—and even war—by our Government in Mexico. Nothing could be farther from the truth. As the Right Reverend John J. Cantwell points out it is one thing to intervene in the domestic affairs of an independent nation and quite another thing to permit the authorities of that nation to take the silence of our own Government as a tacit approval of the proceedings in Mexico. "It is unworthy of the highest traditions of our country to remain supine when Mexico, with its career of crime, outdoes Turkey in its persecution of Armenians."

108 WEST SECOND STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.,

FEBRUARY 16, 1928.

REV. HAROLD PURCELL, C.P., EDITOR,
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

MY DEAR FATHER PURCELL:

I am grateful to you for sending me the pamphlet on the situation in Mexico, by the distinguished Irish writer, Mr. Francis McCullagh.

It is very creditable to THE SIGN to publish this brochure, and to attempt to enlighten our fellow American citizens on the deplorable conditions that prevail south of the Rio Grande, which rivals in brutality the persecutions of Caligula and Domitian in a far off age. It is one thing to intervene in the domestic affairs of an independent country; it is quite another thing to permit the constituted authorities of a neighboring country to believe that they have the endorsement and approval of a great nation because that nation is so self-centered that it declines even to express an opinion hostile to the infamous proceedings in Mexico. It is unworthy of the highest traditions of our country to remain supine when Mexico, with its career of crime, outdoes Turkey in its persecution of the Armenians.

Yours very sincerely,

†JOHN J. CANTWELL,
Bishop of Los Angeles and San Diego.

Silence and Lethargy

RECOGNIZING the deplorable silence of American newspaper editors on the Mexican situation, the Right Reverend James A. Griffin advises that we send a copy of McCullagh's pamphlet to every editor in the country. "We might then observe the reaction on the part of these editors and perhaps it would arouse them out of their lethargy."

THE † SIGN

CHANCERY OFFICE,
902 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET,
SPRINGFIELD, ILL.,

FEBRUARY 15, 1928.

REV. HAROLD PURCELL, C.P., EDITOR,
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

I hereby acknowledge with pleasure receipt of booklet by Francis McCullagh on "The Mexican Gang."

The facts contained therein are in every proof astounding. Surely the reputation of Mr. McCullagh ought to secure for him wider publicity in the Metropolitan secular papers.

I wonder if there is such a thing as a list of the various secular papers in the United States. If so, I believe it would be a good idea to send this copy to every editor without comment. We might then observe the reaction on the part of these editors and perhaps it would arouse them out of their lethargy.

You have served the cause nicely by making a wide distribution of this pamphlet. I have forwarded my copy to Msgr. Foley of the Western Catholic. I am sure that he will give due recognition to your efforts.

With kind personal regards, I beg to remain,
Sincerely yours in Xto.,

† JAMES A. GRIFFIN,
Bishop of Springfield, in Illinois.

"Needed by Our Own People"

WE ARE grateful to the Bishop of Lafayette, La., for his congratulatory words about THE SIGN. Such words spur us on in our efforts to make it more worthy of the intelligent perusal of our readers. The Bishop regards the publication of Mr. McCullagh's articles as "a notable contribution to the campaign of enlightenment so much needed by our own people."

BISHOP'S HOUSE,
LAFAYETTE, LA.,

FEBRUARY 17, 1928.

REV. HAROLD PURCELL, C.P., EDITOR,

THE SIGN,

UNION CITY, N. J.

MY DEAR FR. PURCELL:

I thank you for your thoughtfulness and kindness in sending me a copy of the pamphlet on the situation in Mexico. I had read Mr. McCullagh's articles in THE SIGN. By distributing them in pamphlet form you are making a notable contribution to the campaign of enlightenment so much needed by our own people.

I take this occasion to express my very hearty appreciation of your kindness in sending me THE SIGN. I look for it eagerly every month. It is, in my opinion, one of the best edited and most interesting and instructive among our periodicals. More power to your pen!

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

† JULES B. JEANMARD,
Bishop of Lafayette.

"Passing Strange and Scandalous"

ARCHBISHOP DROSSAERTS of San Antonio, Texas, whose proximity to the Mexican border quite naturally arouses his interest in the status of the Church in the Republic south of him, realizes thoroughly the distress of the persecuted Catholics below the Rio Grande. Any word from him must necessarily carry weight. The fact that he makes a personal donation to spread Mr. McCullagh's pamphlet is a guarantee that he does not believe the statements made by Mr. McCullagh to be exaggerations.

San Antonio has become a recognized place of sanctuary for bishops, priests and Religious expelled from Mexico. The charity of Archbishop Drossaerts shown to those who come to his episcopal city is the same shown by his predecessor, now the Archbishop of New Orleans, to the refugees from Mexico under Carranza.

DIOCESE OF SAN ANTONIO,
230 DWYER AVENUE,
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,

FEBRUARY, 18, 1928.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

Accept my warm thanks for the sending of that copy containing Mr. Francis McCullagh's articles. I read the pamphlet through at once, since anything referring to Mexico is of the highest interest to me just now. The conspiracy of silence by our American Press in all things pertaining to Mexico is passing strange and scandalous. Where is our boasted love of liberty? Where is our love of fair play? Your pamphlet counteracts in a measure this conspiracy and I wish it the widest possible circulation. With best wishes I am,

Yours in Xto,
† ARTHUR J. DROSSAERTS,
Archbishop of San Antonio.

P.S.—I enclose check for \$10.00 to be used by you in mailing copies to where they will do most good.

A Dollar Not Missed

FROM a zealous priest who requests that we do not publish his name we received this more than appreciated word of encouragement:

REV. HAROLD PURCELL, C.P.,
EDITOR, THE SIGN,

DEAR FATHER PURCELL:

I have the smallest parish in the Archdiocese, but I feel that I shall not miss a dollar for the worthy cause of help the Church in Mexico by spreading the truth as revealed in Mr. McCullagh's writings. Please mail a copy of the pamphlet to the following. [Here follows a list of ten names.]

Sincerely yours in Christ,

N. N.

THE † SIGN

From a City Pastor

THE PASTOR of St. Vincent Ferrer's, New York City, sets an example for clerical imitation by distributing gratis a generous number of copies to his congregation. He is correct in his belief that the pamphlet will prove an effective means "in awakening our Catholic people."

PRIORY OF ST. VINCENT FERRER,
869 LEXINGTON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.,

FEBRUARY 20, 1928.

DEAR FATHER PURCELL, C.P.:

Please send me 3,000 copies of "The Mexican Gang," etc., by McCullagh. I wish to distribute them here at Masses next Sunday. Will send you check on receipt of books. I think this booklet will do great good in awakening our Catholic people.

Very sincerely,
WALTER G. MORGAN, O.P.

Appreciated Approval

THROUGH his Chancellor, the Most Reverend Archbishop McNicholas expresses his approval of our campaign in behalf of the Mexican Catholics.

ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI,
OFFICE OF THE CHANCELLOR,
325 WEST EIGHTH STREET,

FEBRUARY 28, 1928.

REVEREND HAROLD PURCELL, C.P.,
EDITOR OF THE SIGN,
UNION CITY, N. J.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER:

I am directed by the Most Reverend Archbishop to order four hundred copies of "The Mexican Gang" and "At Mexican Headquarters," which will be used for the enlightenment of the Catholics of the Archdiocese regarding the Mexican situation.

Kindly forward same to The Chancery, 325 West Eighth Street, Cincinnati.

Very sincerely yours,
R. MARCELLUS WAGNER,
Chancellor.

A Bishop to His Priests

THE BISHOP OF BISMARCK, N. D., sends a list of the pastors of his diocese, directing us to send to each a certain number of copies of McCullagh's pamphlet. That these may reach the proper persons he requests his priests to distribute them according to the subjoined note.

DIOCESE OF BISMARCK,
BISMARCK, N. D.,

REV. HAROLD PURCELL, C.P.,
EDITOR, THE SIGN,
UNION CITY, N. J.

DEAR FATHER:

Please send the following note together with the pamphlets:

"This package is sent to you at the request of Bishop Wehrle of Bismarck, who begs you to give one copy to the editor of each newspaper in your town, and distribute the other copies among the leading men, especially the leading men among the non-Catholics."

Send me the bill for the whole order.

Yours in Xto,

✠ VINCENT WEHRLE,
Bishop of Bismarck.

Coöperating in Two Ways

VERY GENEROUSLY an Indiana pastor coöperates with us not only by purchasing copies but also by offering to bear part of the expense of sending copies to others.

ST. JOSEPH CHURCH,
EVANSVILLE, IND.,

FEBRUARY 18, 1928.

EDITOR, THE SIGN,
UNION CITY, N. J.

DEAR SIR:

Enclosed please find check for \$5 for which I ask you kindly to send me 100 copies of the pamphlet: "The Mexican Gang" and "At Mexican Headquarters."

Would it not be a splendid "coupe" to have one sent to every member of House and Senate? Maybe, also, to every Governor in the country? If you can arrange this, I will gladly bear a just portion of the expense.

(REV.) E. L. QUADE.

* * * * *


We ask our readers:

1. To buy copies of McCullagh's pamphlet.
2. To read it themselves, so as to familiarize themselves with Mexican conditions as they are and not as they are frequently misrepresented.
3. To distribute the pamphlet, especially among those who would accept the truth if they knew it.
4. To give us financial help, however little, that we may broadcast the pamphlet.

All our efforts may amount to very little, but where the interest of Jesus Christ and souls are concerned we should make the most of our best!

The Irish Relic of the True Cross

And Its Ancient Shrine, Holy Cross Abbey

 SINCE THE True Cross of Our Redeemer was discovered by St. Helena its particles have been prized by Christian nations as their most sacred possessions and, in the erection of gems of architecture, generations of Catholics have shown their devotion to the sacred memorial of man's redemption. The chief accumulations of relics of the Cross are found in the cities that were on the great lines of communication with the Holy Land.

Most of these treasures were brought to Italy, Germany, France and the Low Countries by the Crusaders, after the sack of Constantinople in 1204, but the great English relic, the twenty-seventh of a cubic foot, preserved in the Tower of London until the seventeenth century, was brought directly from the Holy Land by Richard Coeur-de-Lion. A portion of this relic has been preserved in Ireland for nearly seven hundred years, and as that historical fact is little known, and as no detailed description of it has been published, we will try to describe it with the famous shrine wherein it was venerated through the centuries.

It seems to have been the only portion of the Sacred Wood that escaped the satanic fury of the Reformers in Ireland. A considerable portion of the True Cross given by Pope Pascal II to Murtough, King of Ireland, in the beginning of the twelfth century, and a number of smaller particles with their authenticating documents disappeared in the torrent of destruction that swept out of existence so many magnificent churches and the five hundred and forty religious houses that were the glory of the land. The ancient shrine of the Irish Relic, Holy Cross Abbey, is now but a picturesque ruin on the banks of the Suir. The sites of others are marked by ivy-wreathed tower or crumbling wall or tottering arch in the heart of the busy city, in the silence of the leafy dale, or by the edge of some murmuring river—memorials of Ireland's Martyrdom and England's Apostasy.

This Abbey was founded in the year 1169, not far from the town of Tipperary, by Donald O'Brien, King of Thomond, and, up to the sixteenth century, was one of the most celebrated religious houses. Its monks at first followed the Rule of St. Columba, but afterwards adopted the


observance of the reformed Order of Citeaux, and thus became a Cistercian Monastery. The Foundation Charter, still in existence, was, according to O'Halloran, confirmed in new charters by King John during his visit to Ireland in 1186, confirmed by King Henry III in 1233 and again by King Edward III in 1320.

The right of the sovereignty of Ireland claimed by these English charters depends on a document styled the Bull *Laudabiliter*, alleged to have been issued by Pope Adrian IV, the only Englishman who ever sat on the papal throne. Cardinal Gasquet has proved this alleged Bull to be a forgery and the authenticity of the English charters is highly doubtful.

On examining the English charters of Holy Cross we find that King John, who declares therein that he confirms the charter in 1186, was not king until 1199, and that King Edward III, who makes the same declaration in the charter dated 1320, did not come to the throne until 1327. The English officials evidently wished to possess some documents which showed that their claim to the kingship of Ireland was conceded to their monarchs by the Abbot of Holy Cross, who was an Irish earl and a baron of parliament.

Leaving aside these doubtful charters and all tainted accounts of the ancient history of the Abbey drawn from Anglo-Norman sources, we draw our information of the first three hundred years of its existence from the Annals of the Four Masters and a portion of its history, compiled by a monk of the Order, which had long lain in the archives of the diocese of Cashel.

The relic of the True Cross, from which the Abbey took its name, came into the possession of the monks as the outcome of a mysterious tragedy in the early part of the thirteenth century, and from that time to the period of the Reformation the history of the monastery was the history of its treasure.

OME YEARS after the foundation of the Abbey, an English prince, desiring to visit Ireland and see the manners and customs of its people, obtained permission from the reigning sovereign to carry out his wish. During his proposed visit he was commissioned to collect certain dues, payable to the Holy See, called "Peter's Pence."

THE † SIGN

The latter incident strongly points to one of the conditions set forth in the alleged Bull of Adrian IV regarding the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland.

IN THE annals of the Abbey, portions of which are missing or obliterated, we cannot trace the identity of the prince. Circumstances, however, point to his being no other than Pierce the Fair, son of Isabella of Angoulême—widow of King John—by her second husband, Hugh le Brun, Earl of Marche. He would, therefore, have been the half-brother of Henry III of England. His death is noted in the Annals of the Four Masters as having occurred in Ireland in 1233.

On leaving his home, the prince received a signet ring from his mother, who enjoined on him that, if any mishap should befall him, he should apprise her of it by sending back the token, and aid should be sent to him immediately. How far the royal traveler proceeded on his way, or to what extent his mission was successful, we do not learn. But the chronicler narrates that, when passing through a dense wood, about two miles west of the monastery, he was foully murdered. The assassins buried him where he fell, and, no reports being heard of him, his friends gave him up for lost.

Two years afterwards the murder was brought to light, as the result of a miraculous vision, with which an old blind monk in the Abbey was favored. It is certain that two of the monks, wandering through the wood, suddenly discovered the hand of a man appearing above the ground. On one of the fingers sparkled a ring. Hastening back to the monastery, they related what they had seen. Both were ordered to return and examine the supposed grave. The body of the murdered prince was found, while the ring and other tokens gave unmistakable evidence of his rank. The corpse was borne to the Abbey, where it was reverently interred. On the spot where the body had been found, a well burst forth, which is still known in its Celtic designation as "The Well of the Good Woman's Son." When the obsequies of the unfortunate man were ended,

the two monks were commissioned by their superior to go to England and, taking with them the ring, repair to the palace of the Earl of Marche. In due time they reached their destination. They explained their mission to the sorrowing mother, and then, in proof of the veracity of their tale, placed in her hands, the jeweled signet.

When she learned that the remains of her son were reverently cared for, in gratitude she determined that, besides a costly tomb, a royal gift of "everlasting memory" should find a place in the distant sanctuary.

Among the treasures of the English Crown was the large portion of the True Cross brought from Palestine by Richard Coeur-de-Lion, and, also, a smaller portion given by Godfrey of Boulogne, King of Jerusalem in 1099, to his niece Matilda, wife of King Stephen (1135-1154). The Countess of Marche asked the king to present a relic of the True Cross to the benefactors of his half-brother and her own dear son, and after much difficulty her request was finally granted.

Some historians have considered the Irish Relic to be the portion given by Godfrey de Bouillon to Matilda in 1100, the year of his death, but Robert of Gloucester states that she presented it to the Abbey of Fevesham, where later on she was buried; so the cross which the monks took to Ireland in 1234 must have been fashioned from the great relic of Coeur-de-Lion. During the three and a half centuries that followed, the Abbey of Holy Cross became the most famous place of pilgrimage in the kingdom.

FROM WHAT remains to tell of its beauty, it is a question if the country at the time possessed any finer specimen of the pointed style of architecture. The pillared shrine wherein the Relic was wont to be exposed for public veneration still remains. Its beautiful and delicate workmanship bespeaks the noblest efforts of the craftsman's art. The prince's tomb in the choir is of the same elaborate style. The shield-borne devices introduced through the foliated tracery display the Cross of St. George, the Royal Arms of England quartered with those of France, and other heraldic emblems.



IRISH RELIC
OF THE
TRUE CROSS

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The church of the Holy Cross is cruciform in plan, consisting of chancel, choir, nave and transepts, with double side chapels. Between two of the latter in the north transept the Expositorium of the Relic stands. The massive tower which rises from the intersection of the choir and transepts was erected by the prince's mother. The east window is still intact, and the honeycomb tracery that fills the upper part is supported by heavy mullions forming six perpendicular lights. The Gothic hood-moulding on the exterior of this window terminates in a carved head of a female, bearing the Plantaganet coronet—a band of strawberry leaves. This commemorates the noble benefactress of the Abbey.

ALL THE windows of the building are of different design and in the flamboyant style. The remains of the monastery and its various offices can still be traced on the surrounding land. From the circumstances that mark the current of its history, it is needless to say that the Abbey of Holy Cross enjoyed a prestige in its day surpassing that of any of the Cistercian houses in Ire-

land—even Mellifont itself. Its abbot sat in Parliament as Earl of Holy Cross. It gave its name to the palatinate in which it was situated. Kings, princes, distinguished votaries from distant lands, often mingled with the eager throng of pilgrims that sought its holy shrine.

Though the Abbey was legally dissolved by the Act passed in 1536 for the dissolution of the monasteries, yet the monks seem to have had possession of it at intervals for a considerable time. In the reign of Henry VIII, the abbot, William O'Dwyer, surrendered the Abbey on condition that he would enjoy its revenues for his lifetime. Elizabeth conferred Holy Cross and its appurtenances to Thomas, Earl of Ormonde, whose successor restored the church and monastery to its rightful owners who ministered therein up to 1633.

The annals of Holy Cross are filled with the records of graces and miracles granted through the efficacy of the sign of the redemption. Among the pilgrims who came to pay their devotions at its altar in 1579 was the Earl of Desmond. In 1584, Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel,



RUINS OF HOLY CROSS ABBEY, FORMER SHRINE OF THE IRISH RELIC

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THE VERY GRAVE BEARS WITNESS

on his way from Drogheda, where he had landed to avoid the notice of the English government, visited here the "Sawing Cross" in fulfilment of a vow which he had previously made. A few months afterwards he suffered martyrdom in Dublin.

THE ANNALS of the Four Masters state that in 1600, when Hugh O'Neill was on his way to Munster to attack the enemies of his country, he turned aside till he arrived with his soldiers at the gate of Holy Cross. The holy Relic was brought out to protect them; and the soldiers presented great gifts, alms and various offerings to its guardians. The same visit is mentioned by the historian, O'Sullivan-Beare.

So, too, when Hugh Roe O'Donnell was marching to join the Spaniards, who had landed in Kinsale, he encamped on the hill of Drumsaileach in Hykerrin, and remained there a month, waiting for O'Neill, who was marching slowly after him. They came about the feast of St. Andrew to the monks of Holy Cross for a blessing and protection and made the monks various gifts. In 1632,

Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Cashel, wrote to Propaganda: "There is in our diocese a monastery under the title of Holy Cross, which possesses a remarkable piece of the Cross of our Lord. It is exposed to the veneration of the faithful, and the people in great numbers often resort there for devotion sake." Carve, a native of Tipperary and very probably speaking from personal knowledge, says: "This monastery was the most famous of all Ireland and vast crowds used to come there as to a holy mountain. Miracles are continually wrought there."

English officials and writers were aware of the special reverence in which the monastery was held among the Irish on account of its relic. The official language of those days speaks of the relic as "The idol which the Irish nation more superstitiously reverence than all the idolatries of Ireland."

"The Suir," says Camden who wrote in 1586, "passes by Holy Cross, a famous abbey heretofore, which makes the country about it to be commonly called the County of the Holy Cross of Tipperary, and hath derived to this tract certain

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privileges anciently bestowed on the Abbey in honor of a piece of Christ's Cross presented there. It is incredible what a concourse of people still throng hither out of devotion. For this nation obstinately adheres to the religion or superstition of their forefathers."

THE RELIC was usually kept above the High Altar; it was taken down and applied to any sick persons wishing to be touched with it. At times it was taken outside the monastery, even to different parts of the country. It was sometimes taken to considerable distances and lent. Indeed Dr. Walsh complains to Propaganda in one of his letters that "The abbot of this monastery, accompanied by his monks, without getting or asking for any permission from me, takes the Relic frequently outside the diocese and the province."

In 1633, the abbot, Father Luke Archer, and some of the monks went to Kilkenny where they settled down, hoping that better times would allow them to return to their monastery; but the hoped-for day of return never came. In 1632, the Relic was in the possession of Walter, the

eleventh earl of Ormonde, known as "Walter of the Rosaries," because of his great devotion to the Mother of God. He was the last Catholic who held the ancestral title of his noble house. His son, Lord Thurles, had died before his father, having been drowned on his way from England in 1619. His grandson, later the great Duke of Ormonde, was consequently made a king's ward, and as such was handed over to the paternal care of Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, to be instructed in the principles of the Church of England and to be brought up in its communion. Earl Walter, then on his death-bed, seeing his grandson a pervert and likely to continue so, confided the Relic to a certain Dr. Ffennell, who was his medical attendant, and also a member of the Confederation of Kilkenny. The deed of transfer in possession of the present custodians of the Holy Cross, the Irish Ursulines, runs as follows:

Whereas, out of the general trust and confidence I have and repose in Garrott Ffennell, Doctor of Physic, I have delivered and permitted to his safe keeping a piece of the Holy Wood.

I do hereby declare and will the same shall rest and remain in the custody and keeping of the said



HAIL HOLY CROSS, OUR ONLY HOPE!

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Dr. Ffennell or such other as by his will or otherwise he shall permit the keeping thereof, for and until such time as any of my succeeding heirs of the House of Ormonde shall profess the True Faith and Roman Religion, and that the said piece of the Holy Wood shall be delivered to my said heir for professing the Roman Catholic Faith, and remain as a sacred monument in my house. And in case the Catholic Faith and Roman Church do flourish in this kingdom as heretofore it hath done, and that then it shall appear by any pregnant testimony or other evident possibilities that my successors have the said piece but by way of trust or safe keeping the same for the use of any church, convent, or other person or persons spiritual or temporal, I do hereby upon my blessing enjoin my said succeeding heirs to restore the same as he shall see cause, and if no such cause shall appear, to leave it as a monument to my posterity.

In witness whereof I have hereunto laid my seal and subscribed my name, the 15th day of February, 1632.

Walter Ormonde.

Witnesses: Edmond Pierce.
Edward Comerford.

How long the Relic remained in Dr. Ffennell's keeping, we do not know. The following document marked: "My Lord's order about ye token left by Walter, Earl of Ormonde, to the family," shows that it was not in the possession of the doctor's descendants fifty years afterwards. The document proves the transfer of the Relic by James, first Duke of Ormonde, to Valentine Smyth, manager of the Ormonde estates, some time before the Duke's death in 1688. His grandson, the second Duke, allowed it to continue in Smyth's hands.

Whereas Walter, Earl of Ormonde, left a token in a green plush bag for ye use of my family in the keeping of Dr. Ffennell, which my grandfather afterwards put into your keeping, I do therefore hereby order you to keep the same till further orders from me.

Dated ye 15th January, 1692.

Ormonde.

To Valentine Smyth.

THE FURTHER history of the Relic is shown by other documents. The first is entitled:

DECLARATION OF MRS. MARY BUTLER OF BALLYRAGGET.

This portion of the Holy Cross was deposited in the hands of Dr. Ffennell by Walter, Earl of Ormonde, in the year 1632.

By him, it was handed over to James, second Duke of Ormonde, who in the year 1691 deposited it in the hands of Valentine Smith, Esq., of Carrick-on-Suir, who according to the direction received by him from the said Duke, gave it to Mrs. Helen Butler of Kilcash, relict of Colonel Butler of Westcourt, Callan, who left it at her death to Mrs. Margaret Kavanagh of Borris, wife of Richard Gallwey, Esq., of Kilkenny, who gave it to Mrs. Mary Kavanagh of Borris, wife of George Butler, Esq., of Ballyragget,

who delivered it into the hands of the Right Rev. Francis Moylan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, to be disposed of by him according to the intentions of the first possessor.

Signed by me,

Mary Butler of Ballyragget.

This 18th day of May, 1801.

The above is a true copy.

Francis Moylan, R.C.B., of Cork.

BISHOP MOYLAN presented the Relic to the Ursuline Convent of Cork City, as we find by the following document:

Cork, 16th April, 1809.

We, the undersigned, Francis Moylan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, do by these presents certify that on the 6th day of the month of July, eighteen hundred and one, we have, after celebrating Mass de Cruce, deposited in the Ursuline Convent of this City of Cork, a portion of the Holy Rood in a silver case, which we received in a green plush bag from Dame Mary Kavanagh, wife of George Butler of Ballyragget, Esq., who received it from Dame Margaret Kavanagh, wife of Richard Galwey of Kilkenny, Esq., with whom it was deposited by Dame Ellen Butler, sister of John Butler of Kilcash, Esq., and wife of Colonel Butler of Westcourt, who received it from Valentine Smith, Esq., and that I believe it to be, from the vouchers I have seen, a true portion of the Holy Cross, and therefore to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

Given under my hand and seal the year and day above mentioned.

Francis Moylan, Bishop of Cork.

DR. MOYLAN seemed to have been guided in his choice by two powerful considerations. The first was that Mrs. Butler, from whom he received the Relic, was the niece of Mrs. Kavanagh, one of the foundresses of the Ursuline Convent at Cork in 1771, and was herself a nun in that convent. The second was that this convent was the first established in Ireland since the Reformation, and the ancient shrine of the Relic was in ruins. In 1825, the Ursuline Community moved to Blackrock and brought with them the precious Relic.

It was examined and described by Bishop Milner in 1807. He says: "The Cross is three inches long, about half an inch broad, but very thin. It is inserted in the lower shaft of an archiepiscopal cross, 6½ inches in length, being made of some curious wood and enclosed in a gilt case."

The Ven. Archdeacon Coughlan, P. P. Blackrock, examined it in 1888. He states: "I examined the Relic of the Holy Cross at the Ursuline Convent very carefully by the aid of a powerful glass, and there can be no doubt it is solid wood. There is no inlaying of the wood, or veneering, or anything of that sort. Moreover, there are marks of several slips cut off from it (a

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common thing long ago, but now for some years forbidden by the Bishop) which show very clearly it is all one kind of wood."

The Relic, in its silver archiepiscopal cross, is enshrined in a silver gilt reliquary adorned with precious stones, and kept in a chapel overlooking the High Altar. It is exposed for veneration on the feasts of the Holy Cross and every Friday in Lent. On the back of the reliquary is an inscription explaining its origin; an inscription on the base discloses the nature of its contents.

The front is a lancet door of two leaves, one bearing the arms of Ormonde and the other those of De Burgo; their inner surfaces are beautifully worked into a trefoil design surrounding the instruments of the Passion.

The upright of the archiepiscopal cross is 180 millimetres in length ($7\frac{1}{2}$ inches); each transverse has a length of 78 millimetres; the width of the upright and the transverses is 22 millimetres. In the centre of the lower transverse a little circular window swings back to show the Sacred Wood.

A superficial examination of the reliquary and the visible portion of the Relic convinced us that the description given by Bishop Milner in 1807 was altogether incorrect.

Evidence to this effect being laid before the Bishop of Cork, Dr. Coholan, His Lordship, after mature deliberation, authorized a careful examination of the Relic, which was at once carried out

under ecclesiastical supervision. The Relic, examined by the microscope, was identified as a species of pine: it is of a dark brown color and consists of an upright with two transverses. The surface is cracked and decayed in several places. In the inferior third of the upright some of the wood has been sliced away: we estimate the loss to be 1,225 cubic millimetres.

The cross is well proportioned in English measure, which is corroboration of its English origin. The length of the upright is now $6\frac{2}{3}$ inches but seems to have been a little longer. Each transverse is 3 inches in length. The average width of the upright and transverse is $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. The thickness throughout is 5 millimetres. Deducting the volume removed, the total volume of the Relic is 18.515 cubic millimetres.

The greatest portion of the Sacred Wood in England is in the possession of Lord Petre, at Thorndon Hall, Brentwood, and consists of two crosses, the united volume of which is 8.287 cubic millimetres; the united volume of all the known relics of the True Cross in England is about 30,000 cubic millimetres. Consequently, the Irish Relic is the largest portion of the Sacred Wood in the British Empire.

In conclusion, we desire to express our gratitude to the present custodians of the Relic, who, with the utmost kindness and courtesy, gave us most valuable assistance in the writing of this article.

The Shrine

By RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

I remember once finding, alone, on a hill in
Savoy
A shrine by the wayside, colorless then, and un-
gilt,
Our Lady—a worn white statue; the Holy Boy—
Lacking a finger.

Oh, somebody must have built
That shrine, and someone forgotten it, left the
wind
And the rain to work their wills with it; never a
flower
Placed at the feet of the Virgin; it was unkind,
It was unkindly done. And (I know not why)
to this hour
There has haunted me often when I am alone in
prayer
The thought of our Lady, so worn with the rain,
and the Boy

Lacking a finger; I find myself breathing the air
Of that bountiful summer that warmed every
heart in Savoy,
Till I wonder again and again, and torture myself
with the doubt—
Who can have made it? Who can have left it
unkept?
I think that I might have found flowers for her
feet, and about
The foot of the shrine scattered flowers . . .
our Lady has wept
For a flower for her Boy, for a flower for the
feet of her Boy.
And there, I suppose they are still, the Mother
and Son,
Forgotten and broken in sunlight He gives to
Savoy;
I never left flowers at her feet . . . and I ought
to have done.

Categorica: As Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

HUGHEY JENNINGS

We are glad to find space in this issue for this fine tribute by B. Bolger in the New York *Evening World* to the sterling Catholic faith and moral worth of Catholic gentleman, Hughey Jennings. May he rest in peace.

Hughey Jennings was intensely religious, a trait of his character not generally known. He was also unusually well informed on the history of the Roman Catholic Church.

The last time he entertained a party of us in his room, just before he left the Giants, Hughey told of his visit to Rome, smiling at his church enthusiasm.

"You know," he told us, "we didn't get to see much of the City of Rome as we had intended. We got interested in seeing as many of the churches as possible. During that ten days we attended Mass at 110 different ones. At that I would like to have seen them all."

Toward the end of his baseball career Jennings took on decided dignity and objected to acts of undue familiarity and particularly of vulgar abuse on the part of spectators at a game. His last trouble of this kind occurred at Chicago when a fan abused him in language offensively obscene. The man was arrested and held in the ball club's office until long after the game.

"No, I don't want to press charges against this man," Hughey told the police when he finally arrived. "But I do want to recall to him some things that his mother taught him and that he has forgotten."

With that he gave that man a lecture that he will not forget as long as he lives. He went away with head bowed and profusely apologetic.

THE QUARTER

The Living Church gives the pedigree of the quarter of the dollar, the extent of its usefulness and tells of the place of its greatest triumph.

"I am two bits, one quarter, twenty-five cents.

"I am one-fortieth the price of a good seat for a popular show in New York.

"I am exactly one-third of the cheapest Pullman fare.

"I am the price of a box of cigarettes.

"I am one-fourth the cost of a good flower for a coat lapel.

"I am one-eighth the price of a pound box of the best candy.

"I am one-tenth of what a novel costs.

"I am a very small allowance for any modern kid.

"I am just about nothing at the grocer's and less at the butcher's.

"I am laughed at in a night club.

"I make no impression on the price of a tire or a radio.

"I am perhaps one-twentieth of what it costs to fill

the gas tank for a Sunday ride.

"But—but!

"When I go to church on Sunday—if I do—

"Then—then!

"I can throw out my chest and pull up my socks!

"For when I am put on the collection plate I am certainly some money!"

THE JAPANESE BOB

A real Japanese invention is at hand, reports the *North-China Daily News*. This is the "Aviator's Twist," a new style of hair-dressing devised by a Japanese woman who worked in a beauty parlor in California and who has opened an establishment in Tokio. It is said that several persons, especially movie actresses and "modern girls" have had their hair done in the new style.

The hair-dresser says that she got her inspiration through the trans-Pacific flight which Japanese air-men hope to be able to make next year. Her idea, she explains, was to signify a woman's hearty send-off to Japan's aviators. She declares that the new bob is very becoming to girls of comparatively short stature, such as the Japanese, and that the "Aviator's Twist" suggests the Pacific Ocean, clouds over the water, and a propeller. All are represented by a subtle twisting of the hair. The Pacific Ocean is symbolized by spreading the hair on the back of the head in Marcel waves, until the end of the hair can be brought over the right ear. At this point, the end and the remainder of the hair are done up in the shape of a propeller. The clouds over the water are represented by a "merry widow's curl" above the propeller.

A RELISH FOR MURDERS

"A criticism frequently brought against newspapers," laments the *Editor and Publisher*, "is that they tell the same stories over and over again with changes only in names, dates and places. The same criticism might be made against the periodicals for what they say about newspapers." As proof of what the newspaper expects in the next few months of the periodical, this item is quoted from the first issue of *The Evergreen*, a monthly magazine started by Jonas Winchester in January, 1840:

The tastes of the readers of a newspaper are sufficiently various singular. One reads nothing but the poet's corner; another considers poetry and all that sort of stuff, horrid trash. One deems politics the only business of life; another votes that department a bore. This one reads only the deaths and marriages, and that one looks only to the advertisements. There are various other idiosyncracies too numerous

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to mention; but certainly the most singular one we ever heard of was the case of the lady who was obliged to consult the celebrated Abernethy, because "for several mornings past she had not been able to relish her murders."

YOU CAN'T FOOL 'EM

"New York's most interesting guillibility test is now being held at 116 West Forty-fourth Street," writes H. I. Phillips in *The Sun*. He explains himself:

Mr. David Rivkin, opening a restaurant there, wished to do something to attract attention and called in Mr. Joseph Fleisler, one of the big idea men of the fender-bending Forties.

"Buy the biggest goldfish bowl you can find and put it in the front window," advised Joseph. The bowl was filled with water and so placed. Over it Mr. Fleisler placed this card:

.....
INVISIBLE FISH
from
Rio de Janeiro
.....

The police have frequently had to drive away the pedestrians who gathered before the window and peered intently at the bowl in an endeavor to see the invisible fish. Yesterday a man stopped, stooped down, tapped on the glass and shook his hat in an endeavor to bring the fish out where we could get a better view.

Officer! The straitjacket.

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY

Mrs. Bertrand Russell is touring the country preaching the right to be happy. She is "against this asceticism which Christianity has foisted upon the world." But the New York *Herald-Tribune* has little patience with her or her ideas. "The right to be happy," says that paper editorially, "was seldom questioned in the days when Christian asceticism was coming into fashion." It continues:

Monastic life, founded on Christian asceticism, began in good earnest with the Order of Benedictines in 529. The open competition for happiness had become such a catch-as-catch-can by that year of our Lord that monasticism offered the innocent bystander an attractive refuge from those who were expressing themselves all over the place. Whatever may be said against such extreme measures as St. Benedict introduced, the element of discipline which they contained surely had great value for civilization. Mrs. Russell, who is quoted as having "strong feelings about society," should remember this as she belabors the dead horse: The Roman society that pursued happiness so hotly soon perished, and we would know little or

nothing about the solid achievements of its more orderly days if laborious ascetics in the scriptoria of monasteries had not passed their time in copying ancient manuscripts.

We owe the preservation of what could be salvaged from Graeco-Roman civilization to those who were, according to Mrs. Russell, "afraid of matter, of their instincts, of letting pleasure into their lives." In the circumstances it seems to have been a wholesome fear. Certainly it was a "socially productive" one. Now let's give three long cheers for the "escape mechanism" and the strategic retreat of good old St. Benedict!

OUR PUBLIC SERVANTS

Margaret E. Sangster writes a fine essay on "The Man at the Switch" in a late number of the *Christian Herald*. She reminds us of the gratitude we owe our public servants. "It is only when we get a wrong number that we think of the girl who sits at the telephone switchboard, getting right numbers. It is only when a letter is lost that we remember the almost endless chain of hands through which a message must pass before it can be delivered at our door."

Once, when I was leaving a train upon which I commuted from a suburban place, I saw two conductors standing together, watching the progress of a small old man in rusty black who was walking along the station platform. I, too, followed the man with my eyes. And saw him pause, under the shadow of the great panting engine. Only for a moment he paused, and then went on. But, as I glanced back, I saw that the two conductors were smiling.

And so the next day, when I again traveled on the train, I questioned one of the same conductors as he punched my ticket.

"Oh, that old fellow?" he answered. "I don't know his name. He comes in from a little station at the end of the line once a month—has some business to transact in the city. And, always, when he leaves the train, he stops to speak to the engineer."

Still I questioned—

"I wonder what he says to the engineer?" I asked.

The conductor answered. "He thanks him for bringing the train safely into the city," the conductor told me. "It's sort of a nice thing for him to do, at that!"

PLANT LIFE MYSTERIES

We would that Mr. William Showalter in his delightful paper in *The National Geographic Magazine* on the mysteries of plant life had said one word about the great Creator. However, he writes well and knowingly of these wonderful little creatures of God's creation. For instance:

All the factories, all the railroads, all the mines, all the automobiles, do not utilize as much energy as is developed by the plant world. Out of intangible sunshine, insubstantial air and clear water, coupled with a modicum of mineral matter from the soil, plants

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must manufacture all the food that keeps alive the innumerable hosts of animals of the earth, store up all the heat that keeps humanity warm and cooks its food, furnish most of the power that drives its industries, and provide the raw material for all the clothes mankind wears and many of the products of which his factories, his houses, his furniture, and his books are made.

Would you know how much of a plant is fabricated of sunshine, air, and water, and how little of solids from the earth? Then burn that plant and notice the thin layer of ash remaining. All else has been made up from subtle sunbeams, thin air, and plain water.

Every plant, from a simple moss to a giant tree, is in reality a vast household of individual entities working together, in fine cooperation, to a common purpose. Here are dairymen dispensing their supplies; jewelers preparing crystals; sugar refiners manufacturing sweets; starch makers storing food-stuffs; perfumers distilling scents; varnish-makers developing resins and waxes; color experts preparing dyestuffs. . . . Must work over nearly 90 gallons of carbon dioxide, in the extraction of which it has had to filter thousands of gallons of air. How closely the sugar industry in the plant parallels the activities in a human factory is shown by the fact that the leaf corresponds to a building, the cells to the several rooms therein, the blue and red sunlight rays to the power employed, the chlorophyll to the machinery used, carbon dioxide and water to the raw material utilized, grape sugar to the manufactured product, and oxygen to the by-product.

LIKE SUMMER'S CLOUD

"Like a cloud that moves on silent foot the city has swept upon us, and the village of my youth is gone." Thus opines Charles S. Brooks in an article, "Like a Summer's Cloud," in *The Yale Review*. His description of the complete capture of the village by the city is amusing. He asks:

What has become of the gas lamps? In former days a spry old fellow with a ladder and a can of guttering oil trotted past at twilight to touch the glistening rows of jets that flashed upon our porches. And once there were hitching posts along the curb and those of our richer neighbors held horses' heads on top with rings hanging through the nostrils, as if the brutes had borrowed a savage custom from the ladies of Fiji Islands. And there were stepping-stones upon our street, so that a lady might mount to her victoria without exposure of a prudish limb. Mincing steps of stone—for the clock upon her stocking was not, as now, a public dial. Where are those ladies who took the air with colored parasols tipped across their shoulders to guard their pink complexions from a freckle? . . .

Every house had a fence between it and the street; and lawns did not as now, run unobstructed to the walk. The slamming of a gate when guests arrived was the signal to the kitchen for the tipping of the smoky kettle to the silver soup tureen. And the very tureen is gone. . . .

Trees upon the street used to wear lattice collars to save them from the nibbling of a milkman's horse. Ruggies, rattling on the cobbles, have trotted into silence, and the stamping of horses' hoofs. . . .

Church bells rang on Sunday morning to call us to service, and any laggard at his window might see his neighbors trickle from their gates to join the sober current of the righteous. Are church bells gone forever? I listen vainly on a drowsy Sunday morning.

Do children still go on strange journeys, pounding at their hoops? Do they walk on stilts? Wash poles once gave but a lazy Monday to the wash, and all the week beside they stretched us into giants.

Every house had its stable, with a loft for hay, and its Sunday carriage covered with a cloth. . . .

What has become of the torch-light processions, the powerful arguments for votes in a great election. . . .

A horse-car rattled citywards with a fare box and a driver on a padded stool. There was straw on the floor in winter, and the windows rattled in the tempest of the journey. Only men of broken age signalled for the car to stop. . . .

Men of business used to come home for midday dinner. We saved all broken crusts of bread for puddings. . . . Watermelons were round and had not been stretched into the likeness of a giant cucumber. . . .

For a bath we ran to the kitchen to feel the boiler behind the stove, and when it rumbled we knew that the water was ready for the tub. Coffee cups had guards for whiskers. The railway station was called a *deepot*, a veranda was a porch, an attic still a garret. Neckties came made up. Buttons, not laces, held our shoes. The cry of knives-to-grind no longer breaks upon our quiet street, umbrellas-to-repair, or glass-to-mend that rings a bell to the rhythm of a lazy step.

Like a cloud that moves on silent foot the city has swept upon us, and the village of my youth is gone.

AN OLD PRAYER

Here is an interesting prayer, says *The Churchman*, which dates back from the eighteenth century at least. It is of English origin but its author is unknown. It is as appropriate today as when it was written, as a petition for divine help in living a happy, healthy and useful life here on earth.

Give me a good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest.

Give me a healthy body, Lord, with sense enough to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight,

Which, seeing sin, is not appalled but finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not whimper, whine or sigh.

Don't let me worry over much about the fussy thing called I.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord; give me the grace to see a joke,

To get some happiness out of life and pass it on to other folk.

Monte Amiata

[THIRD INSTALLMENT]

*Arcidosso. Monte Labbro and David Lazzaretti. The Mercury Mines.
Castel del Piano. The Cross of Monte Amiata. The Last Lap.*

WE TRIED to get a book on the history of Santa Fiora but the only one in existence is in manuscript and it was penned by one Fra Battisti, a monk of the local Augustinian monastery, now a parish and ready to fall to pieces through great age. The fifteenth century writer makes a chronicle of incessant warfare, but the little town has a record of high courage, of heroic defences and of such mettle as men are made of. There is a gruesome story of an executioner under the Aldobrandeschi, employed to despatch prisoners of war, and so cruel that he was universally hated. Through a privilege the wretch was entitled to burial in the monastery church. When he came to die he was laid therein; but the stench of his body was so appalling that it oozed from the tomb and the citizens were obliged to throw it far from the city which it was infecting. Heaven itself forbade his resting in the holy place because he had never shown mercy.

The church of the Franciscans, known as *La Selva* because it stands in the woods at some distance from the town, has a legend that the locality was infested by a savage dragon and that a brave lord Guido, of the reigning Sforzas, went out and killed it at that spot. The church was erected in thanksgiving. The curious thing about this tale is that a huge skull of some strange beast is kept in the sacristy and pointed out as the dragon's head. We do not know enough natural history to recognize the specimen, and the Professor would not venture an opinion, but there the skull is, perhaps of some prehistoric monster, or of some survival in the mountain fastnesses of a quadruped now unfamiliar.

Our last impression of Santa Fiora is of the gray tower going up daringly into a sky, and of hundreds of swifts, wheeling around it with little cries of joy as they beat their wings in the morning sun. The Professor is driving and Maur acts as mechanic. Mostly we run through chestnut woods, and at one point, between two nearer summits, we catch a glimpse of the Cross on Monte Amiata. The little colony from Rome has settled itself above a hamlet known locally as Bagnore, consisting of some dozen houses and an inn, not

to mention a spring of aerated mineral water which is supposed to cure all ills and to which the natives flock with flasks in the early morning. The woods enclose us upon all sides. Santa Fiora is only three miles away, and, on the other side of us, is historic Arcidosso to which the road winds in long angles.

Arcidosso is all brown, piled up upon its hill, the solemn brown tower topping it, and a long line of tall, pointed cypresses standing deployed at its foot. When our guide said: "Arcidosso," I answered: "So it is." He was amazed, wondering how I knew it. But I remembered very well a painting by an English artist with this name written beneath it. And I could judge now how true the brush had been. It was all there—the keep, the strong medieval battlements, the warm color, the stately trees, the houses clambering up the slope, from far down to the summit. Arcidosso, too, has records of the ninth century and was a fief of the Aldobrandeschi in the eleventh. The town is quaint and picturesque with its old gateways and arches, but it is perhaps the scenery around Arcidosso which constitutes its chief charm. Chestnut woods everywhere, little homes scattered about and perched upon each eminence; and, at some distance away, the mountain stream of the Ente forming here a series of delicious cascades in the midst of mossy boulders and overhanging ferns, the last final plunge to the valley coming after a half dozen minor leaps.

ARCIDOSO was the home of David Lazzaretti eighty or ninety years ago. The mountain upon which he had tried to form his New Sion was exactly opposite our place of rest and we heard much of the "Prophet" and of his attempt. He has a few followers still, men who wear long beards, are of unimpeachable rectitude, and speak of their leader as "Santo David." David was born in 1838 at Arcidosso and was half visionary, half dreamer, of immaculate life, something of an ascetic, and especially with the passionate will to become a social reformer. The Gospel was for him indeed the Book of Life; but he was not fully conscious that Christ left a Church to guide men to salvation.

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He gathered followers, teaching them to live pure and detached from the things of this world. They put all their goods in common, and went to live on Monte Labbro, praying and working with their hands.

David made predictions concerning the "Kingdom of God." The ecclesiastical authorities do not appear to have bothered much about a movement, but the new government of Italy considered it in the nature of a revolt. It is true that David now had ten thousand followers, and that he was considering a descent upon Rome to try and persuade the Capital to adopt his manner of life. Troops were sent out against the dreamer and he came down to meet them in the midst of the swarm of his disciples. It is certain that David was not intending to fight; but a couple of shots were fired, apparently by the soldiers, and the disciples hurled themselves in agonized passion to defend their prophet. Guns were then aimed deliberately at the leader, and it is said that one ball struck him in the forehead just where, he was wont to say, the "Angel of the Lord had signed him." The visionary fell, and his last cry was: "Long live the Republic, the Kingdom of God!"

A man so gentle and so beneficent did not deserve so harsh a fate, and his disciples esteem him a martyr.

WE OFTEN discussed David Lazzaretti, and were puzzled by a system that pointed to the Gospel as its foundation and at other points was so discrepant. A casual word of one of his followers served to illuminate us. One of the disciples had just died, and his friends refused to let the priest approach him. "He shall die pure," they said. We do not know if this is the doctrine of David, but his followers, Gospel in hand, refuse the Blood shed for our salvation, the Body broken for us.

Monte Labbro is rich in mercury, and a *filovia*, carries the raw material from the mines on that side to our side of the valley where the refining plant is established. An engineer let us visit the works, and we found them most interesting, although somewhat unintelligible to the uninitiated. The iron receptacles, arriving over the strong wires and full of bits of rock, passed to the grinders where the raw material was broken up. This was of a beautiful color, a dark crimson mixed with silver. Where the rock has been scraped it is of a bright carmine. This is cinnabar, chemically a combination of sulphur and mercury. All the subsequent processes are to extract the mercury pure. The fire, those great furnaces, white hot in which the intolerable flame is made

into an incandescent jet (the thought of hell-fire becomes appalling when the iron shutters are opened upon this sight), the cooling apparatus in which a laughing mountain stream has been captured to distill rain upon the huge cylinders; and then vats in which the mercury is collected, not quite cleansed yet from the black scories which cling to it. In the end quick-silver, fleeing, sparkling, and enclosed in steel flagons, each one of them worth a king's ransom.

THE PROFESSOR explains why it is called mercury. It is intangible, it always escapes the pursuing hand, and the ancient world knew the mercury of pagan mythology, the fleet messenger of the gods, with wings at his heels so that no pursuivant ever caught him. Thieves invoked him as their patron. Quick-silver breaks up and flees but it will not let you catch it. The Arabs used to fill small basins with the precious stuff for the pleasure its gleaming gave them, especially where it reflected the sun.

One more of the ring-towns of Amiata remained to be explored, Castel del Piano, which many persons think the most attractive. Castel del Piano follows geographically after Arcidosso and it is a pleasant town, set down smoothly upon level ground, while behind it a deep valley falls somewhat as at Santa Fióra, but with a more extensive view. We climbed to the ramparts and saw from that height the gorgeous depth of space beneath us, and the wide plain spread out in groves of olive trees and a landscape of infinite variety. This was the favorite resort of Pope Pius II, Aeneas Piccolomini of Siena, who praised it highly, though indeed, in his "Commentaries," he speaks of the whole range of the Amiata in glowing terms. When we chose this for our vacation ground we did not yet know that the great humanist recommended the region to the men of his own day: "If any place ever attracted poets by its sweet shades and by its silvery springs and by the fresh green of its smiling fields, here they will remain throughout the summer; for we believe that the summits of Monte Amiata are superior to those vaunted in mythic fables; and not even the valley of Tempe with its river Peneüs is to be preferred to this."

The drop between the ancient walls of Castel del Piano, upon which the little crooked houses of stone have grafted themselves, and indiscriminating fig trees have pushed out to the sun, and the low-lying valley beneath, is a clear six hundred feet. The woods around it are peculiarly fresh and green owing to the many streams which

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thread their way beneath the boughs; but strangely enough the one modern hotel has been obliged to close its doors as city people would not come to Castel del Piano. Possibly its great distance from the railroads may account for this.

WE HAVE mentioned already that far away above our heads towered the great memorial Cross of Monte Amiata, of Sienese iron work, seventy-two feet high, and erected in 1920 by the pious association which had resolved to consecrate every high peak in Italy to Christ the Redeemer by setting these magnificent Signs upon the highest mountains. The ascent to the Cross proved the most memorable day of our whole vacation. We had been advised to go on donkey-back as the climb is very steep and laborious, and we started before daybreak, seven strong, a regular cavalcade, escorted by a boy on foot to act as guide. Every variety of path and scene that can be imagined confronted us successively.

The burros caused several digressions by biting one another or running away with the riders; but on the whole we found them most diligent, and, I would say, even intelligent. We started upon an earth path under the chestnut trees, and presently we were upon stones, a mere cleft like a torrent bed in which the donkeys must pick their way gingerly. The boy encouraged them with the frequent musical cry: *Arri su* (It is the Tuscan for "get up"). More woods ahead, and, though here there was a path, the trees untrimmed in that wilderness struck us across the face with the swish of low branches. When we passed into the open the views were marvelous for we continued to ascend for three solid hours, and we looked now into one province, now into another, according as we skirted the mount.

The sunrise stole upon us almost by surprise; the cool air, the rose of dawn had been about us some time, and then, noiselessly, God's miracle of the light. It was all silent, the donkeys' hoofs and the creaking of the saddles alone making some laborious sound in that fathomless immensity of peace. The long streaks of pink carried across the east, sunshine tender and tremulous behind a mountain slope, and then all creation floating in a sort of mirage, most beautiful, most mysterious, quickly vanishing, and then it was day. We were in a defile, the mule-path a mere upward line, the coarse, hard, scrub wood tearing at our knees and stirrups, and reaching us breast high. The way here was so steep we were out of breath with it, even mounted. Then we plunged into a beechwood, dark as Dante's *selva oscura*.

The sun never penetrates this thickness; an icy coolness lurks in its gloom, and the growth is so close, the donkeys barely managed to pass between tree and tree. Instinctively we kept to the edge of this awesome forest of the heights, and it was a genuine relief to emerge at last into the sunshine. Now we came to a softer, lovelier region; there were open spaces, more woods in the distance, but great boulders of gray stone standing erect in a wilderness of raspberry bushes covered with fruit; and here and there strata of wild phlox, the mauve-red flowers laid down like a carpet of color.

Then again we plunge into a narrow, steep path—closed in by high bushes—and an unthinned wood of mixed trees begins again. The boy asks if we would like to see a snow deposit and leads the way. It is not made by man: it is a mere cleft in which the snow drifts during the winter, and the cool air and projected shadow keep it all through the summer. The woodmen and charcoal-burners know it, and pile dead leaves over their ice-supply, using it to freshen the water which they must carry up the mountain with them for there are no springs so high up. Like them we found the snow of great value in helping to quench our thirst. The deposit could only be reached on foot, so now there was again a great to do of mounting, getting under way, and cheering the donkeys onward. The guide led us along a ridge where there was scarcely foothold, and the stumps of trees that had been cut, and the straggling brushwood made the advance very difficult; then again one of those stony cuts like a steep stairway, and the donkeys bend their backs in the reach and stretch again like steel.

THE LAST part of the ascent is by a mule-path beneath a wood of beech trees, but we are compelled to alight and lead our mounts for their position has become almost upright. Our feet are in loose, brown earth that gives no hold, and, between us and the donkeys, we kick it up in clouds. The animals give us an example for they struggle up bravely, head low, all intent on their task with rarest concentration. Nobody speaks any more: lungs and heart have other work to do. Then we come to a level; the beech trees are marvelous, filtering light and shade upon the loveliest of sylvan paths. We emerge at a pinnacle of giant rocks, the summit of Amiata, and a narrow lane twisting among them brings us to the clearance, facing west, where the great Cross has been planted. There it stands in majesty, soaring heavenward, in that vast solitude from

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which all lower things have receded and dropped away. It dominates the world. And one has, dimly, a feeling of what that Sign in the clouds will be when the Son of Man shall appear to judge the living and the dead. It is impossible to look upon it without emotion.

Presently, when we have rested a little and tethered our donkeys in the shade, we begin to move about the plateau. No words can convey what our eyes behold. The views are considered among the finest in all Italy, but that is saying little for a whole world lies there, and sight is unlimited in every direction, its own weakness alone being unable to reach further. And this wondrous extension is over a landscape everywhere beautiful; the lines blend harmoniously, the color is exquisite; no harshness or abruptness anywhere. Ranges of hills, lower than ours; wooded knolls; valleys threaded with silver streams; and blue lakes imbedded in gentle hollows. The Cross flings up its line of iron like a sword saluting, and rising toward it from far below, comes the symphonic singing of that aerial blending of all things beautiful and good, in the azure of the mountain.

We can pick out unaided such familiar spots as Abbadia and the little sapphire of its pond; the range of the Ciminian hills, and the more distant Apennines. To the southwest three lakes: great Thrasymene, Montepulciano, and Bolsena, the nearest, lying mistily silver, where the miracle of the blood-stained Corporal has immortalized its name. To the west the sea, miles away, but clear; and, still further out in the placid, pale azure, the Island of Elba looking like a mere rock dropped into the quiet water. We sank down at last, overcome. One could spend hours, just looking; and it is too immense, too unspeakably rich in memories and associations for any pen to describe.

The ride down was hard, and much of it in the scorching sun; but who would complain? We had won the high peak of the Cross and Monte Amiata had passed into our store of treasures for all time. Once we lost our way and waded for half an hour through a sea of ferns and bracken in which the donkeys were completely engulfed, and only the forms of the riders could be seen, from the elbows up, jogging along in the peculiar gait imparted by the burro. At a certain rocky pass there was a casualty, the Professor being thrown against a boulder and somewhat stunned. For altruistic motives he had insisted upon taking the donkey which was known to be vicious, and this was the result. However, the rider mounted

again almost immediately, rather white but undismayed. "Accidents of this kind," he said in his most cathedraic tone, "on an excursion, should provoke laughter." But none of us was in the least inclined to laugh. Maur, taller than his father, was on the verge of tears. Luckily the guide remained cheerful and matter-of-fact, directing us toward a short-cut which was indeed effective, but which kept us for three-quarters of an hour in a frightful path, in the open, under a broiling sun. A last, easy lap through the familiar chestnut woods, and so ended the memorable day of the ascension to the Cross. Three full hours to go up, and only a little less to come down. Bruises, stiffness and knocks enumerated on the morrow, but the sum total one of unadulterated joy.

ONLY TOO SOON the day of farewells came. Once more we must rise before sun-up to catch one of those mountain stages which always seem to ply in the hours "when one cannot distinguish a man's face." This time we went by way of Arcidosso, changing there for another autobus directed toward Grosseto in the Tuscan Maremma. And we will mention here the curious fact that all the southern slope of the Amiata, though the mountain is in Sienese territory, belongs to the province of Grosseto. We will not describe the return journey: four more hours of travel through enchanting scenery; but the sunrise was one of the most striking we have ever seen. Being in the shadow of hills, we could not see the east, but suddenly, like a bucket of paint out-poured over one high peak, the warm orange light broke, and its splendor crept slowly downward, as it were color trickling. At one junction a young man got in after carefully placing his wheel on the roof of the stage. In no time he was fast asleep. At the next stop two youths accosted the window and began to poke the sleeper. "Hey Pete, did you win the race?" "Naw, some boob from up country won it." He had closed his eyes again. They were saying it in the Tuscan dialect but it sounded extremely like our Yankee. "Say, is it true the prize was seven thousand?" Pete began to laugh with his eyes shut. "Seven nothing. He'll be lucky if he gets two hundred." Then he settled himself more snugly and began to laugh again, eyes still shut. "Seven thousand . . . gosh!"

The stage started, the friends stood staring, and the champion kept on chuckling . . . in his sleep.

(The End.)

The Seven Words

By ERNEST L. CRANDALL

HANGING between earth and Heaven,
Gentle Christ, Thy words were seven,
Seven words, each wrung from Thee
By Thy three hours agony!
Jesu, miserere mei!

Seven words with meaning fraught!
Seven words by fond ears caught!
Seven words preserved to be
Seven shining lamps for me!
Jesu, miserere nobis!

Thy first sweet word through time shall live,
"Father, these blind souls forgive,
For they know not what they do,"
While the harsh nails pierced Thee through.
Jesu, miserere mei!

Next unto the dying thief,
Sudden smitten with belief,
"Fear not, brother, thou shalt be
This day in Paradise with me."
Jesu, miserere nobis!

No film of death Thine eyes could blind
To her Thou needst must leave behind,
Whose white face pressed against Thy cross
Is bathed with tears at her great loss.
Upon her gazing, then on John,
"Mother mine, behold Thy son!"
Then unto that more than brother
Turning, "Son, behold thy Mother!"
Jesu, miserere mei!

The weeping hours drag slowly by.
Black darkness hides the brazen sky.
The earth is shaken. Graves yawn wide.
Water and blood gush from Thy side.
Thy great heart breaks. "My God, oh, why
Hast Thou forsaken me?" A cry
That for our comfort doth reveal
Thy frail humanity was real.
Jesu, miserere nobis!

But pain and gibe and rude rebuff
And broken heart are not enough;
Sheer physical exhaustion yet
Must claim its toll in blood and sweat,
Until the fire in every vein

Compels Thee to cry out again.
"I thirst," and vinegar and gall
Are all the answer to Thy call.
Such cruel comfort was decreed
To meet Thine every earthly need.
Jesu, miserere mei!

The end draws near, for Thou hast given
All that Thou hadst in earth or Heaven—
Thy blood, Thy honor and Thy name,
Thy Mother, bowed beneath Thy shame,
Thy raiment, gambled with for pelf,
Thy right Divine to save Thyself—
All these hast offered freely up,
That Thou mightst drain Thy bitter cup;
Hast borne all woes that could be heaped
On human head; alone hast reaped
The whirlwind that man sowed and now
Thy wounds, on feet and hand and brow,
Open afresh their lips of red
And cry, "It is consummated!"
Jesu, miserere nobis!

One dark hour more! From out the gloom
A voice cries out as from the tomb,
While far the lone centurion stands
And awestruck hears, "Into thy hands
My spirit, Father, I commend!"
The price is paid! It is the end!
Jesu, Jesu, miserere!

Dear Jesus, when I cease to live,
Oh, be Thou there to cry "Forgive!"
And plead before God's throne for me
That oft I sinned unwittingly!
Jesu, miserere mei!

Oh, may I from Thy sweet lips then
Hear the glad news, "Amen! Amen!"
Thy faith hath saved thee. Thou shalt be
Henceforth in Paradise with me!"
Jesu, miserere nobis!

No fairer guerdon could I crave,
No sweeter way to cheat the grave,
Than hear Thee say, when life is done,
"Mother mine, behold thy son!"
Jesu, miserere mei!

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Jesus, my God, forsake me not,
Else must I share the fearful lot
Of those blind leaders of the blind,
Who seek and seek and never find.

Jesu, miserere nobis!

I thirst, O Christ, with thirst supreme,
To drink of the life-giving stream
That flows from Thee; I pine to see
The place Thou hast prepared for me;
My famished spirit hungers sore
For heavenly food Thou hast in store;
But most of all I long to lay

My burden down and hear Thee say,
Thy hand upon my weary head,
"My child, it is consummated!"

Jesu, Jesu, miserere!

O Christ, today and every day
Teach me to pray, help me to say,
While swiftly ebb life's fleeting sands,
"Sweet Jesus, into Thy dear hands
My fainting spirit I commend.
Amen! Be with me to the end!"

Jesu, Jesu, miserere nobis peccatoribus!

The Ultra Violet

Working Effectively in More Ways than One

"**I**T'S A CASE for the ultra-violet rays," the doctor said, surveying Alfie and addressing Alfie's mother. You can take him round now to the Children's Clinic. I will write you a letter to give to Nurse White. Radiant light might be good, too," the doctor added, "it might brighten him up a bit."

Brightening up might have been taken as the first and obvious function of radiant light, but the doctor spoke figuratively. The turned-in condition of Alfie's feet prevented him from walking although he was five and a bit. What prevented him from talking with any kind of facility was less evident. Alfie suffered, as a matter of fact, from the mystic's disability; to wit, words in which to express the things which visioned themselves in his mind. Words had to be learnt, and Alfie, unilluminated by radiant light, was not bright. Thoughts, on the contrary, come along and stay where they are until time or the "silly school" provide a vocabulary of sorts.

Alfie fixed his eyes, with a strange look of anxious wondering in them, on the doctor. He dimly sensed something—a coming experience—which made him clutch his mother's hand. A few minutes later the parent had been provided with the necessary letter and Alfie had been clapped into his pram and was on his way to the Clinic.

Nearly six years old and going about in a pram! The family most decidedly ought to have ended

By ENID DINNIS

with Alicia, aged eight, but Alfie had somehow managed to slip into existence. His mother was a simple soul. Alicia improved the occasion manfully as they went along. She had heard that the Clinic was just like Heaven. Mrs. Sneed's little boy who had the kettle spilt over him had been there and reported teddy bears and engines that went alone, and lovely bright light and ever so warm. Alfie listened to it all. "Uldrer vi'lot," he remarked meditatively, and turned the thing implied by the terse observation over in his mind.

"I hopes as how it will brighten 'im up a bit," Alfie's mother said.

The Clinic fully justified Alicia's hyperbole. Dazzling light, glowing warmth, and delectable hammock-like beds where one was allowed to kick about with very little clothes on and play with the most gorgeous toys—bears, dolls, motor cars, all sorts. There was an inner apartment into which the children disappeared who were to be subjected to the additional treatment of the ultra-violet rays.

Radiant light was gallantly understudying the sunshine, and making good for the absence of pure air on the wasted and wan little bodies of the children of the smoky slum. Nurse White came to the fore and interrogated Alfie's mother. Alfie looked around him. Most of the newcomers had their attention quickly arrested by the toys. Alfie's wandering gaze passed beyond the

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teddy bears, questioningly. But the customary "what's that?" and "why?" of the intelligent child seeking information was absent.

"He's taking it all in," Nurse White said. Once upon a time there was a parrot who never spoke, and when they asked him why he answered, for the first time and said, 'I think the more.' " Alfie turned his marvelling eyes slowly and took in Nurse White. Nurse White had dark blue eyes like water that you want to put your finger into to see how deep it goes. Alfie would have had to acquire the vocabulary of the novelist to explain what he took in with regard to Nurse White's eyes, and he wasn't a novelist, he couldn't even talk properly.

"He's took a fancy to you," said Alfie's mother.

The process of the ultra-violet rays was wrapped in mystery. You had to be blindfolded, to have your eyes shaded like blind people, before you went into the inner room. Anyone who peeped into the room without being blindfolded was warned not to look in the direction of the lamp. "That's because you mayn't find out how it's done when they make you better," Alicia explained, resourcefully. Alfie duly wore his shade and exposed his little turned-in feet to the mystery every time he visited the Clinic, after he had played with the teddy bears and engines for a bit under the radiant light.

ALICIA dragged him up to the top floor of their house to let Mr. Verricelli, the Italian gentleman who was a great friend of Alfie's, see how his feet were beginning to turn the right way. I will not vouch for it that 'Verricelli' was the right way to say his name; it was Blank Street's best attempt in that direction. He had vended ice cream and subsequently ground an organ for many years in England, but it had by no means become the land of his adoption. He lay now on a bed of sickness which was in reality as much homesickness as anything else.

It was remarkable how Alfie expanded when left alone with the Italian. It would have astounded his family had they been listening. Alicia would leave him there with his friend and they would be quite happy together. Mr. Verricelli had not much English—that was one bond between them. Then he was very quick at comprehending the meaning of gestures and half-finished sentences.

Alicia told the sick man all about the Clinic. "It's artificial sunshine," she explained, passing on acquired knowledge. "Italian sunshine, that

what one gentleman called it." Whereat Daddy Verricelli's homesickness took a bad turn and Alfie wept too in sympathy.

NURSE WHITE had taken a strong fancy to the silent five and three-quarter-year-old whose eyes gave out his thoughts instead of his mouth. "Isn't he delicious?" she said to the gentleman whom the doctor had brought along. It was the same one who had spoken about Italian sunshine. He had come from Italy although he was English, "You are giving these poor slum kiddies a taste of Italian sunshine," he said to Nurse White. "I love Italy."

"I have lived there, too," was the latter's response; and on that they fraternized. They both loved Brother Sun, and the saint who had christened him that. Both, in fact, were tertiaries of St. Francis.

"What extraordinary blue eyes the nurse who has charge of the ultra-violet rays has," the visitor, Laurence Clifford his name was, remarked to his friend the doctor.

"Oh, you mean Violet White. Her name matches her eyes; they are really violet. I thought the novelist had invented violet eyes until I saw hers. She is a brick. She does all this for love."

"I can believe it," said Laurence Clifford. *She's Italian sunshine, if you like.*

Alfie was seated near them waiting his turn. His eyes were fixed on the speakers somewhat less vaguely than usual, but they relapsed into an accentuated vagueness when they moved away. On the occasion of his next visit to the Clinic Alfie sat in his pram in the waiting-room. Interesting things happened. First, Nurse White and the new gentleman met just near by where he was. The new gentleman behaved under the influence of Nurse White's presence exactly like the children introduced to the radiant light. He started smiling and looked—oh, just like the boy who was given the motor that went by itself to hold in his very own hands. When Nurse White passed on her way the doctor arrived.

"Hullo!" the doctor said. "You here again? Is it science or 'the ultra-violet rays' that has brought you along? The ultra Violet," he added, mischievously, "is probably curing the ills of Tommy Bigg's mother. They bring all their family woes to her, drunken daddies as well as rickety babies."

"God bless her!" the other said. "Look, there's the kiddie who's so fond of listening to us."

"He? Oh, he doesn't take anything in," the

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doctor said. "Poor little chap, the radiant light is doing him good, though. He's having ultra violet, too. He really wants a year of sunshine and fresh air."

Alfie was quieter that day than ever under his treatment. He sat like a little image facing the lamp over which Nurse White presided. Alfie knew in the marrow of his bones that she was standing there although his eyes were shaded. He whispered something to the soft white rabbit seated in his arms, its eyes also shaded. It was a most trustworthy recipient of confidence, not even being alive.

"I loves the untrer Vi'lot," he whispered. But even the white rabbit had not been given a share in the great secret. That Alfie said to himself inside. The great mystery which Alicia had worked up so artistically had been solved. What he told himself might be interpreted in ordinary speech as: "Now I knows!"

Radiant light was working marvels with Alfie's defects. When Alicia took him up to see Mr. Verricelli the latter was amazed at the improvement.

"It's all done by a magic lamp," Alicia explained.

"No—'tain't."

IT WAS Alfie who had barged in. It gave them quite a shock. "What is it, then? You seem to know much," Mr. Verricelli said.

"It's the—ultra vi-o-let rays," Alfie replied, with faultless precision.

"Dio mio!" Mr. Verricelli said. "You learn to talk with your tongue."

"Course it is. That's the name of the lamp," Alicia said.

"No!" Alfie had suddenly become dogmatic. "Not a lamp."

"Tell us what it is then," Mr. Verricelli said.

But Alfie had come to the end of his powers. He had no means of imparting the very complicated information he possessed in its entirety, even to Mr. Verricelli. The mystics who attempt to describe their supernatural impressions have this same difficulty, I have been told.

"Do you think it would cure me?" the sick man asked, wistfully. He was very tired of lying in bed, and his cough was worse than ever.

"I wish it could," kind little Alicia said, "but I'm not sure that it cures grown-up people. And anyway it couldn't come to you. You would have to go there."

"You speak true. Lamps haven't got legs," Mr. Verricelli said, sadly.

"Nor they have," Alicia agreed.

Alfie sat on the end of the bed, his eyes as big as saucers. Lamps don't have legs but ultra Violets do. It was all so bewildering, the denseness of people who don't go under the radiant light to be brightened up. If only Alicia wasn't there he might make Mr. Verricelli understand. Alicia eased the situation. "Might I leave him with you whilst I go down and see to the taters?" she asked.

So whilst Alicia saw to the taters, whether in the pot or at the green-grocer's I know not, Alfie gave a confidence to his intelligent friend.

"I bring you the ultrar Vi'lot," he said.

Radiant light was to be congratulated. Alfie was finding his tongue. He hopped up to Nurse White on the occasion of his next visit after his promise to Mr. Verricelli and plucked at her gown.

"I want you come and look at Daddy Verricelli," he said, manfully bringing out the incisive mandate.

Alicia came to the rescue. "He means he wants you to come and see Mr. Verricelli, the Italian gentleman who's ill in our house," she said. "You should have said 'come and see,' not 'come and look at,'" she admonished her brother.

Nurse Violet became immediately interested in the sick Italian gentleman who lay in bed and coughed and coughed and cried and cried because he was homesick and because none spoke Italian to him. "I'll come and 'look at' Mr. Verricelli with pleasure," she said, smiling. "I can speak Italian and it may cheer him up."

Alfie raised himself on the tips of his still wobbly toes. He waved a hand and essayed a hurray.

"He's getting on splendidly," the ultra Violet said. "If only he could have a year in the sunny south."

I WISH I might have left it to Alfie to describe the process of the treatment to which Mr. Verricelli was subjected by Nurse Violet White. She started by talking in a language which was not understood by Alfie, or even by Alicia who had lingered for a moment before leaving her brother with his friends. It very nearly electrocuted the patient, who responded in similar lingo. In a minute's time he was sitting up in bed talking with his fingers and every other available part of his anatomy as well as his tongue. Nurse had told him that she had spent years in what proved to be his native village and knew the exact spot

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where the vineyards stood in which the exile's heart dwelt. The tears came to make the violet eyes very filmy and tender in their rays.

Alfie watched. The doctor had been right. The ultra Violet could cure daddies as well as kiddies. Daddy Verricelli was crying, but he was happy. Alfie knew that he was happy, and that he, Alfie, had been right in his discovery of the secret of the inner chamber to which Nurse White conducted her small charges.

It was not Mr. Verricelli's last treatment by any means. Nurse White came again, bringing with her a gentleman who wasn't a doctor, although he had a kind face. He stayed quite a good time with the patient and came again another day with some strange medicine. Alfie sensed a Mystery more wonderful than even the ultra-violet rays. The ultra Violet was there too. It was she who had persuaded Mr. Verricelli to see this gentleman with the medicine. It was really a Feast, and it was she who had gotten Mr. Verricelli the appetite to enjoy it. They were wonderful indeed, the ultra violet rays!

Later on Nurse White brought with her yet another visitor. It was the gentleman from Italy

who was returning there shortly. He had a proposal to make to the patient. It was to the effect that Mr. Verricelli should return with him to Italy where Mr. Clifford would find employment for him and put him in touch with his friends.

AND NURSE WHITE had her proposal to make too, for she was also going out to Italy and she would like to take Alfie with her to see what the original Brother Sun could do for him. There was no difficulty for Alfie's mother, poor over-driven soul, was willing enough that the family should end with Alicia for as long as need be.

That was how it came to pass that when Mr. Verricelli was well enough to make a longer journey than that round to Hatton Garden, where the Italians go to church, he and Alfie accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Clifford to the sunny south.

I don't know what Alfie would say if he were to return and find that the ultra-violet rays were still operating without the ultra Violet! But, personally, I for one would be sorry to hold that he had been entirely mistaken in his conclusion, for are not certain things revealed to the babes which are hidden from their elders?

The Annunciation

By GABRIEL GILMARY

"And the Angel Gabriel was sent from God to a City of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a virgin. . . . And he said to her: Thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son and He shall be called the Son of the Most High."

A creature born—a creature still,
Redemption halts to know her will!

To Mary, Gabriel speaks the word
That ne'er the like on earth was heard.
And o'er her hovers the Spirit Dove—
The advent of Incarnate Love.

Her virgin heart recalls its vow.
Can this be done? She knows not how.
But trust she will; though filled with fear
And half reluctant, yet gives ear.
Omniscience says 'tis better, so
She meekly bows and whispers: "Lo!

Messenger of God, my Master speaks.
Say thou to Him from her He seeks:
E'en though it mean the seven-blade sword,
Behold! I am Thy handmaid, Lord!
To me be done as now Thou saith—
I'll live this life of living death
That Thou from death to life may raise
Unnumbered souls to yield Thee praise.
Thy holy will is life to me;
My life is Thine from Crib to Tree.

* * *

The o'ershadowing fulness of living grace
Suffused her being, and o'er her face
In turn was shed eternal light
And Calvary's shadows, dark as night.

The humble maid hath answered, "Yea!"
Redemption now knows no delay.

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Passion for March, 1928)

THE INTENTION for the month of March for the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion of our Lord is for Peace to the Church in Mexico. The members of the Archconfraternity are asked to pray earnestly during this month for this intention.

On February 7th, in this era of our Christian civilization and in this year of our Lord 1928, we read in the *New York Times*: "MEXICO JAILS 35 FOR HEARING MASS." And the sub-title under this caption is: "Police Seize Them in Raids on Homes—Statue Dear to Catholics Reported Dynamited." The following is the special cable account to this New York paper:

Fifteen men and twenty-one women spent last night in jail in the cells at General Headquarters, to which they were taken by Secret Service agents of the Department of the Interior and the police officers on charges of attending Mass in private homes contrary to the law affecting the exercise of religion.

The house in one of the best quarters of the city was raided by the Secret Service men and the Rev. Antonio Tovar, a priest, the owner and all found in the house were arrested as participants in the ceremony.

A surprise visit was made to another house in the fashionable suburb of Coloia del Valle, and those found hearing Mass there were also taken to the police station.

The cases of all those being held are being consigned to the Attorney General. Well-informed observers think that, unless other features develop in the case, those arrested are likely to get off with fines and to be asked for guarantees not to infringe the Government regulations again. It is reported that the police are convinced that many Catholics are breaking the religious laws and other investigations are believed to be on the way.

And this in the year 1928—in these enlightened times of our vaunted civilization and tolerance! The poor downtrodden people of Mexico are forbidden the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Nay, are persecuted, hounded, imprisoned, fined and even shot to death for the awful crime of attending the unbloody sacrifice of Calvary. No wonder, then, that the Holy Father in a recent allocution compared this persecution of the infamous Calles to that of the notorious Nero or Caligula. Mexican martyrs are dying bravely in defense of their Faith and of their God-given rights with the cry upon their lips: "Long live Christ the King!"

The Holy Mass is the central act of all Catholic worship. Around it moves all Catholic devotion, sacraments and ceremonies. Without the Mass

our churches are barren and lifeless meeting houses and nothing more. With the Mass we have everything, for it is the treasured part of our Catholic heritage. The tyrant of Mexico well knows that he has struck at the heart of the Catholic religion, when he would forbid the Holy Sacrifice except under conditions which he knows cannot be fulfilled. With the Mass has gone the Eucharistic presence of our Sacramental King upon the altars of unhappy Mexico. True, the people are permitted to pray in the churches but the little sanctuary light is extinguished showing full well that the Lord is not in them.

We, who enjoy freedom of conscience and of worship, can scarcely imagine the plight of the poor Catholic of Mexico. It is difficult to imagine a similar condition existing in this free land of ours. In every one of our churches from the north to the south, from the east to the west, at every hour of the twenty-four, somewhere in the world the clean oblation spoken of by the Prophet Malachy is offered upon our many altars. And to the Catholic ear there is no sweeter music than the sound of the Sanctus bell; no holier sight than that of a priest in vestment with hands uplifted.

Poor downtrodden Mexico is bereft of this sweet music, of this holy spectacle! Mexican Catholics are denied the celebration of Mass amongst them. Hence, the intention for the Archconfraternity for this month of the Annunciation of the Angel Gabriel to our Blessed Lady.

WOULD NOT attendance at Holy Mass be a fervent prayer to God for our persecuted brethren in that unhappy Republic to the south of us, and especially during the holy season of Lent? Will not the members of the Archconfraternity help these fellow Catholics by the daily attendance on that great act of Catholic worship which they are denied? There are no prayers so efficacious as the prayers of the Mass as there are no prayers so powerful as those said in union with this holy Sacrifice.

We would ask, therefore, the members of the Archconfraternity to attend Mass daily during the holy season of Lent for this intention, that God, in His goodness, will stop this horrible persecution and restore peace to the Church and the Holy Sacrifice to the altars of Mexico.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

TEMPORARY AND FINAL VOWS

(1) What is the duration period of temporary vows? (2) When do students preparing for the Benedictine Order of priests take final vows?—M. H. M., CORONA, L. I.

(1) According to Canon Law, perpetual profession in religious institutes must be preceded by at least three years' temporary profession.

(2) As far as we know they make their solemn perpetual profession after the expiration of temporary vows.

N. B.—Your question in regard to Maryknoll Brothers should be referred to the Rev. Superior, American Foreign Mission Seminary, Maryknoll, N. Y.

ST. CHRISTOPHER MEDAL

In the September issue of THE SIGN POST you state that the fixing of St. Christopher Medals on automobiles has no official sanction from the Church. Why, then, do religious present these medals to others if the Church does not sanction same?—W. S., CAMDEN, N. J.

It was not our intention to condemn the use of the St. Christopher medal by autoists. We simply wished to state that there is no official sanction on the part of the Holy See for the use of these medals, that there has been no pronouncement to the effect that St. Christopher has been chosen patron of autoists, as Our Lady of Loreto has been for aviators, and that there is no special form for the blessing of the medal. This does not mean that it is wrong to use such medals. It means that so far the custom, so widespread among travelers by auto, is still of a private nature.

TWO OF OUR LADY'S FEASTS

(1) Could you tell me when the Feasts of Our Lady of China and Our Lady of Africa are celebrated? (2) Also where could I obtain a small picture card of each?—S. M. R., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

To both questions we must answer that we do not know.

MARRIED WOMEN IN CONVENTS

Do any of the convents receive married women?—E. V. T., PITTSBURGH, PA.

It is a general law of the Church that a married person cannot be received into religion as long as the bond of marriage exists. Widows and widowers, therefore, are not included in this prohibition.

HARVARD CLASSICS

Are Dr. Elliot's Harvard Classics suitable reading for Catholics? Are they at all dangerous reading for college students?—A. B., DUNKIRK, N. Y.

The Harvard Classics, or Dr. Elliot's Five Foot Book Shelf, is a collection of writings on many subjects by many authors. There are forty-four volumes in the set. A general judgment is difficult to give. Some of the subjects treated, such as, literature and the drama, may be read with profit; but in the domain of religion, history, and philosophy, these books are more dangerous to Catholic readers than the doctrines of Lenin and Trotsky are to the patriotic ideals of American children. This holds especially for the students at secular colleges and high schools. There are reliable books on the objectionable subjects, which may be easily procured from Catholic book stores, and at much less cost than the Harvard Classics.

MARRIAGE CASE

Is it possible for a divorced Protestant, whose wife was not baptized at the time of marriage, to become a Catholic and to marry a Catholic? His former wife has married again.—S. G., NEWARK, N. J.

There is insufficient data on which to give an opinion. Consult a priest.

THE CHURCH AND EVOLUTION

Please explain the Catholic teaching concerning evolution.—N. N.

This is a short question requiring an answer too lengthy for our limited space. We recommend you to read "A Catechism on Evolution." This pamphlet can be procured from The America Press, 8th Avenue and 33rd Street, New York, N. Y. Price, 10 cents.

DEFINING POWER OF POPE

Can the Pope define as a dogma a belief not already possessed by the Catholic world? If so, why?—M. M., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The Pope's power to define is limited to the deposit of Divine Revelation. With the death of St. John the Evangelist, Divine Revelation was closed. It is the Pope's divinely appointed office to safeguard this deposit of Faith. He cannot go beyond it. Therefore, whenever the Pope defines a truth to be an article of our Faith, it means that the particular truth which the Pope so defines is already contained within the original deposit of Faith. Thus, when Pope Pius IX defined as an article of faith the Im-

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maculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, he declared: "The doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived immaculate . . . is revealed by God, and on that account to be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful." The Pope simply made explicit a truth which was implicitly contained in the deposit of revelation. Consequently, we can say that the Pope cannot define as a dogma "something not already possessed by the Catholic world." He can, however, make more clearly known truths which are believed implicitly by the faithful.

SCRIPTURAL INTERPRETATION: PROPHECIES

(1) *What is the meaning of the following passage: "Amen I say to you, this generation shall not pass away till all things be fulfilled. Heaven and earth shall pass away, by My words shall not pass away." (LUKE 21:33:34.)* (2) *Some saint prophesied that there would be a certain number of popes before the end of the world. He also gave them titles. Could you furnish me with the list and titles of the popes from Pius X?*—M. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) "This generation," according to some commentators, refers to the human race; according to others, to Christians; as though Christ said: "Before the end of the world all these things will come to pass"; or, "The Christian religion which I have instituted shall not come to an end until Christians, who faithfully serve Me, are rewarded and crowned in the day of judgment." Still others hold that this expression refers to the Jews of the time of Christ, during whose life time many of the woes spoken of by Him would come to pass; which actually happened in the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 80. "Heaven and earth"—Jesus wished to give effect to His predictions by solemnly affirming that the words of His prophecy were more firm and stable than the very elements. Scripture speaks in many places of the passing of Heaven and earth. See Isa. 51:6; 1 COR. 7:31; 1 PET. 3:13.

(2) You refer to the so-called prophecy of Saint Malachy, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland, who died in the arms of St. Bernard in the year 1148. The saint enumerates 111 Pontiffs in his prophecy. Since Pope Pius X is commonly given the title "Ignis Ardens" (Burning Fire), which is 103rd on the list, it follows that there are eight more titles.

- 104 Religio Depopulata (Religion overthrown); Benedict XV.
- 105 Fides Intrepida (Faith undaunted); Pius XI.
- 106 Pastor Angelicus (Angelic Shepherd).
- 107 Pastor et Nauta (Shepherd and Sailor).
- 108 Flos Florum (Flower of Flowers).
- 109 De Medietate Lunae (From Half of the Moon).
- 110 De Labore Solis (From the Labor, or Eclipse, of the Sun).
- 111 De Gloria Olivae (Glory of the Olive).

The Prophecy ends thus: "During the last persecution of the Church Petrus Romanus (Peter the Roman), shall reign. He shall feed the flock in many tribulations, at the end of which the City of the Seven Hills (Rome) will be destroyed, and the awful Judge shall judge His People." It is not clear

whether the last mentioned Pope is distinct from Gloria Olivae or not; or, if distinct, whether or not there shall be other Popes between them. Certainly Petrus Romanus will be the last. For further information consult the Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. XII, p. 476.

SACRED HEART: BROWN SCAPULAR

(1) *What is the reward for making the Nine First Fridays, and what is necessary besides receiving Holy Communion?* (2) *Also in regard to the Brown Scapular?* (3) *Where can I obtain a history of Sister Mary Martha Chambon, and the Devotion to the Holy Wounds of Jesus?*—J. E. W., CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

(1) This promise was made by our Lord to St. Margaret Mary: "I promise thee, in the excessive mercy of My Heart, that My all powerful love will grant to all those who communicate on the First Friday in nine consecutive months the gift of final perseverance. They shall not die in My disgrace, nor without receiving the Sacraments. My Divine Heart shall be their safe refuge at that last moment." The only condition is that mentioned in the promise. Of course, the worthy reception of Holy Communion demands the state of grace.

(2) Those who wear the Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and practise the devotions proper to it will enjoy what is called The Sabbatine Privilege; that is, on the Saturday following their death those souls who have been sentenced to Purgatory will be liberated therefrom and conducted to Heaven through the special intercession of Mary. The conditions necessary to be fulfilled in order to participate in this great privilege are the following: (i) investiture in the Brown Scapular by a priest with proper authority; (ii) wearing the scapular or the scapular medal; (iii) inscription of one's name in register of the Archconfraternity of the Brown Scapular; (iv) practice of chastity according to one's state; (v) recitation of the Office of the B. V. Mary. If this cannot be done, it will be necessary to observe all the fasts prescribed by the Church, and to abstain from flesh meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays. (Those who find it too difficult to fulfill the last conditions may have them commuted into other pious works by any confessor.)

(3) Write to The Academy of the Visitation, 5448 Cabanne Place, St. Louis, Mo.

TWO PRAYERS: CIRCUMCISION

(1) *Which is preferable or is more meritorious to say—the Heroic Act of Charity, or the Morning Offering to the Sacred Heart? Kindly give the formula of the Heroic Act.* (2) *Has circumcision any place in the Catholic religion, and what did it signify in the Jewish religion?*—J. C. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

(1) In the humble estimation of the SIGN POST editor, the practise of the Heroic Act of Charity in behalf of the souls in Purgatory is more meritorious than the Morning Offering. This decision is based on the principle that sacrifice is the test of virtue. In the former a greater sacrifice is made than in the latter. By virtue of the Heroic Act all the merits accruing to a person on account of his good works

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are offered to God through the hands of Our Lady to be disposed of in favor of the helpless souls in Purgatory as she deems best. One who makes the Morning Offering reserves the merits of his good works for himself. There is no special formula of the Heroic Act. As to which is preferable—that depends on the character of the individual.

(2) Circumcision has no place in the Christian religion, according to St. Paul. (1 Cor. 7:19.) In the Old Testament circumcision was the rite of initiation for male Hebrews into the family of God, and a sign of the covenant between God and His people. (GEN. 17:11.) It prefigured the Sacrament of Baptism, which is the door of the Church of Christ.

NATURE OF ORIGINAL SIN

A friend claims that the sin responsible for the fall of our First Parents was not the sin of disobedience in eating the forbidden fruit, but rather was the sin of carnal intercourse between Adam and Eve, which opinion he holds because of the nature of the punishment meted out by God: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread, etc."—J. E. F., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

This opinion is flatly contradicted by the account of the Fall narrated in Genesis, chapters 2 and 3. Moreover, it is arbitrary and audacious. It smacks of Freudian philosophy (?), which has one cardinal principle for the explanation of human conduct—sex. Freud and his disciples with their nasty system see "sex" wherever immortal Shakespeare saw "good." St. Paul calls Adam's sin an act of grave disobedience. He contrasts the obedience of the Second Adam (Christ) with the disobedience of the first Adam. (See ROM. 5:19.) The whole doctrine of the Redemption rests on that parallel. There is no necessary connection between laboring in the sweat of one's brow and a sin of the flesh, else we must suppose that criminals who are forced to labor even unto sweat have been guilty of sexual excesses only.

UNBAPTIZED INFANTS: CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS

(1) Are infants who die unbaptized through no fault of their own damned forever, or is there some leniency extended to them by God? If they were unbaptized through the fault of their parents, will the parents suffer punishment on account of it? (2) Is it correct to say that when one considers the sufferings of Jesus Christ one also should consider the risk which He took when He consented to become mere man, and consequently allow Himself to become susceptible to the temptations of satan and the world about Him?—D. E. K., WASHINGTON, D. C.

(1) Infants who die unbaptized are not condemned to the hell of the damned, but enjoy a natural beatitude, according to the teaching of St. Thomas and Catholic theologians. Since they have not been born again of water and the Holy Ghost, and raised to the supernatural dignity of children of God, they cannot be subjects of a supernatural reward. They will not suffer physical or spiritual pain because they have committed no personal fault. They will not grieve over the loss of the beatific vision of God because they have never known Him through faith. Parents who culpably neglect to have their

children baptized before death commit grievous sin and are worthy of divine punishment. Since parents and others can baptize validly when there is necessity, there is no excuse for allowing children to die unbaptized.

(2) This question indicates hazy notions about Jesus, the Incarnate God. Your manner of writing is not proper. Jesus was not *mere* man, as though He were *only* man. He was *true* man and *true* God. He possessed two distinct and perfect natures, the human and the divine, which two natures were united in an ineffable manner in the personality of the Word—the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. When He became man by assuming human nature unto Himself He knew all that would befall Him beforehand. He did not take *risks*. To take a risk means to do an action fraught with danger, the outcome being unknown. This can not be predicted of One of Whom it can be said that everything—past, present, and future—"is open and naked to His eyes." (HEB. 4:13.)

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE.

I was in severe pain from a broken arm. Through the intercession of the Little Flower I got instant relief.—A. W. M., TURTLE CREEK, PA.

I am a convert to the Faith. I never heard of St. Jude till I read of his wonderful favors recorded in THE SIGN. I decided to ask his help in obtaining work for my husband, which favor was granted. I am renewing my subscription in thanksgiving.—V. M., NEWPORT, KY.

I wish to publish my thanks to dear St. Jude for speedy relief from distressing financial worry. I wish that all who are in trouble could know how ready this good saint is to intercede for us.—J. F., ST. LOUIS, MO.

My husband got a job, after having been out of work for two years, through the intercession of St. Jude.—M. O., OAK PARK, ILL.

Inclosed find money order for five dollars, in thanksgiving for the recovering of my son, in honor of St. Jude.—J. D.

The inclosed check is in payment of a debt of gratitude to St. Jude, whose intercession for continued success in business has been most effectual.—T. J. P., PITTSBURGH, PA.

The inclosed offering is in thanksgiving for a favor received through St. Jude. On the 5th of December my five-year-old daughter was taken to the hospital with scarlet fever. On the 7th another little girl was born to me. About a week later my seven-year-old son developed all the symptoms of scarlet fever. It seemed certain that he would have to be sent to the hospital. We prayed to St. Jude and begged him to keep him well. The second day after he was perfectly well and has been ever since. All praise to St. Jude.—F. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The following wish to acknowledge favors granted through the intercession of St. Jude: A. F. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; R. M., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; M. O., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.; J. V. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.; E. B., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.; B. R., OPELOUSAS, LA.; M. A. D., NEWARK, N. J.; A. A., SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.; M. M. P., BOSTON, MASS.; H. E. B., LENOX, MASS.; M. P., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; A. B. A., TUCKAHOE, N. Y.

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GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Please publish my sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart, St. Jude, and St. Anthony, to whom I prayed sincerely for seven months. My son and daughter both suffered from nervous breakdown and were committed to a sanitarium. The boy's mind was gone completely, but after seven months they were restored to good health and were brought back home cured. I also wish to thank our Lord and His saints for the cure of another son, who had a rather humiliating affliction.—A. F., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I am inclosing a money order for fifty dollars in payment for a life subscription to THE SIGN. This was made possible through a favor which the Little Flower of Jesus obtained for me.—W. F. E., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

I wish to thank St. Jude and the Little Flower publicly for obtaining the speedy recovery of my nephew, who, after having recovered from scarlet fever, developed mastoids and was rushed to the hospital. He is now able to go to school, much to the surprise of the doctor.—A. F. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

I am overjoyed over a great favor which Gemma Galgani obtained for an uncle of mine. He remained away from the Sacraments for twenty years, but through the intercession of Gemma obtained the grace to make the mission given by the Passionist Fathers and now goes to Mass regularly.—F. O'B., ST. LOUIS, MO.

For three months was under observation for lung trouble, but due to the intercession of St. Anthony, at the end of fourteen weeks the doctors pronounced me well enough to return to work.—G. C., WEST BRIGHTON, L. I.

The following also wish to acknowledge their thanks for favors received. K. O'C., CINCINNATI, OHIO; B. F. G., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. H., GREENFIELD, MASS.; A. M., LILY PLAIN, SASK., CAN.; SRS. S. J., PITTSBURGH, PA.; M. M'C., NEW YORK, N. Y.; L. E., CONNELLSVILLE, PA.; M. E. F., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; M. D. N., DOVER, N. J.; M. C., BOSTON, MASS.; G. W. C., CINCINNATI, OHIO; J. F. G., PITTSBURGH, PA.; SRS. S. J., PETERBORO, ONT.

Communications

THE SIGN FOR ADVERTISING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

If you ever wish a letter endorsing THE SIGN as an advertising medium, I am in a position to give you one. You devoted nine words in your January issue to a suggestion that Catholic magazines be sent to the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia; we have thus far received over twenty-five packages ranging in size from ones with four or five copies to one that required seventy-six cents for postage.

We are placing this literature where we believe it will do the most good and thank you for your kind thought of us.

AUGUSTA, GA.

RICHARD REID.

EXPLANATION REQUESTED

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the October number of THE SIGN was an article "Some Crimes against the Fine Arts of Reading and Writing" by Sister M. Eleanore, C.S.C. To me, a young writer who had for a long time been struggling between my desire to write and my fear of creating the drivel that fills our modern magazines and novels, the article pointed out the path for me to follow. I wish you could print a series of articles on the Catholic principles in writing. I think it would teach the difference between the worthwhile and the worthless in our present day literature, and educate the Catholic people to be more discriminate in choosing their reading matter.

As it is I find it very hard to know what's what. Sister M. Eleanore mentions Fannie Hurst's novel "Appassionata" as the epic of vocational stories. I find it impossible to believe she read it. It is positively vile, Miss Hurst uses all the old, ignominious arguments against the religious vocation and leaves them unrefuted. The Catholic characters are shown in bad light and even the girl's vocation comes and goes fitfully with her paralysis. When temptation comes to give up her vocation she is not only ready to do so but also intends to dispense with the marriage vows. Of course, her feet obligingly stick together, thus saving her and sending her triumphantly to the convent when they conveniently loosen up again.

And that is what Sr. Eleanore calls an epic! I wish she'd explain.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

RUTH DOW.

A QUESTION OF COLOR

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the January issue of THE SIGN, you conclude the answer to the question about the color of the first bishop consecrated in the New World and of three Popes with: "Three Roman Pontiffs were African in origin. We may reasonably suppose that they were swarthy in color, but not necessarily black and of the negroid type." Persons are met in this country whose skin is dark enough to be described as black, but against whom the color-line is not drawn. Why not reasonably assume the infiltration of negro blood in the long ago past? In view of the fact that the color-line is a comparatively modern social factor, would it not be more wise to answer questions about color and racial type which belong to somewhat remote history by a simple "I do not know," or by merely giving the name of the country of origin, such as African, Athenian, Persian, etc., as was done in ancient times? In the past the mixture of color and races has been on so large a scale that it is good policy to avoid statements anent purity of blood about any person. The evidences of such mixture in the United States are palpable.

Your answer to the first part of the question is an evasion. The question is: "Was the first Roman Catholic bishop consecrated in the New World colored . . . ?" You limited your answer to North America, and mentioned Dr. John Carroll who was not consecrated in the New World.

CHICAGO, ILL.

ANTHONY CHRISTMAN.

God's Own Country

In Which No Man Should Be A Foreigner

IN SPITE OF an acquaintance with America extending over some years, I find myself, in revisiting the States after a considerable interval, something of a stranger. It is not easy to accommodate my slow-moving English mind to the rapid movement I find about me. To visualize the distances between different parts of the Republic stretches uncomfortably the mind accustomed to our own small-scale geography. In a thousand ways there is created the impression of a foreign civilization.

If in one sense the experience is a stimulating one, there is a sense also in which it is a humiliating one. The easy familiarity felt in one's own country is gone. That comfortable feeling of being "in the know," as we say, no longer exists. It is necessary to ask questions about the simplest things. Interrogation seems the chief business of life. And it makes you feel foolish. Not to know your way about, not to understand terms of common speech, to stand staring in amazement at sights that to the native populace are everyday objects puts you on the level of the merest child. At every turn you are reminded of your ignorance. Your conception of what is normal is challenged again and again. The ideas of government, social usages and mechanical appliances have constantly to be revised. The sort of infallibility with which one endows the manner of life amid which one has grown up is discredited. It becomes obvious that, surprising as the fact may be, English ideas do not govern the whole world.

And this, if one allows it to become so, may prove very irritating. It will seem at times as though people were actuated by a sort of perversity. Their innovations give the impression of having been adopted because they are innovations. Why, I ask, should they speak of trams as trolleys. Why should they take their meals so frequently in restaurants instead of at home? Why should they build these hideous skyscrapers? It is very provoking. Tried by the standards hitherto taken for granted as representing the normal state of things, these novelties strike one as being purposely provocative.

Or they are attributed to sheer ignorance, lack of culture and even to wrong moral principles.

All of which, of course, is very foolish. In

entering another country one must be prepared to learn. It is no good importing your native ideas and expecting to find them accepted on their face value. One pays for the privilege of traveling in the coin of humility. The price of seeing the world is that you constantly put yourself to school.

If only those who approach the Church would remember this! The Church is "God's Own Country." It is governed by His laws. It embodies His ideas of how things should be done. Its ministers are His servants appointed for the carrying out of His will and responsible only to Him. In instituting it, He has not asked our opinions nor deferred to our prejudices. He claims and exercises entire independence of us. However adapted to our needs, however sympathetically suited to our requirements His ordinances may be, they are still *His* ordinances.

The unregenerate man or woman is, in respect to "God's Own Country," a foreigner. A different scale of values obtains there from that to which they are accustomed. They have had nothing to do with the making of its laws. Its speech is based on another vocabulary. Its ideas contradict completely those which they have hitherto accepted. Yet how common it is to find them approaching this foreign Domain with all their old earthly prejudices! They cannot divest themselves of the belief that because things are done after this and that fashion in the world in which they live, they should be done in similar fashion in the supernatural world. Like ignorant tourists they guffaw at novelties simply because they are novelties. "Listen to that," they exclaim, "did you ever hear the like of it? Bread and wine transformed into Flesh and Blood!" Then comes the guffaw.

What provincialism!

WE ESTEEM him ignorant and narrow who tries all countries by the standards of his native land. We say that he needs to travel to enlarge his mind and we quote to him the Shakespearean proverb, "Home-staying youths have ever homely wits." But what shall we say concerning those who would make the natural world and its science the standard by which to try God's infinite Universe? Are there no other Kingdoms than this which our eyes observe and our ears hear? Are

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the spheres scrutinized by the telescope and the microscope the only ones which exist? Are not those who imagine this to be the case like the country yokel whose imagination has never traveled beyond Slowcombe-in-the-Marsh?

AND YET IT is these provincially-minded critics who charge the Catholic with narrow-mindedness! He is said to be impervious to new ideas. His Creed is declared antiquated, medieval. He has failed, we are told, to adapt himself to the march of progress.

There is ironic humor in this. That those who dare to measure the Mind of God with the measuring-rod of their own minds and to fathom His Heart with the plumb-line of their own affections should regard themselves as "broad" invites satire. Surely the shoe is on the other foot. It is the Catholic who has adapted himself to his new Environment. It is he who has successfully overcome his provincial prejudices. Recognizing that he is in "God's Own Country," he has been willing to learn with due humility the laws and customs of that new sphere.

The reward of that humility may be illustrated by reference to the parable of the Englishman in America, as I may call it.

When I first landed in New York I was affected in the way that has been described. The process of adaptation was painful and was not always borne with good temper. The impression of mere eccentricity as accounting for the differences I observed was difficult to overcome. There were, for instance, those sky-scrapers. Why were they built like that? We didn't build such things in London. Why this erratic disregard for the traditions of architecture? But closer acquaintance with the conditions of New York enabled me to understand the rationale of the sky-scraper. The building-space of New York is limited and, moreover, the city has a foundation of rock which will bear the weight of these enormous structures. The style of building was dictated by the physical conditions and suited those conditions. To object to such edifices on the ground that they did not conform to the types with which I was familiar was unreasonable. I might as well object to the lumberman in Maine building his shanty of logs or to the Esquimaux living in a snow dug-out. Humility in our approach to "God's Own Country" enables us to see reason where before had been only the perversity of superstition. The conditions governing the Church are different from those on which our human institutions are based. A City built

on a Rock will be constructed after another pattern than that of cities built on the sand. The one is adapted for the wear and tear of the centuries, the others are designed to last only a few years. The Church provides for man's spiritual and eternal needs. It is fashioned with the purpose of saving his soul. These other organizations have in mind only his temporal requirements. The Church feeds him with the Bread of Life. Our human societies cater only for his body. The law of the one is inward. It is concerned with motives. It is concerned chiefly with the eradication of sin. But the communities which we ourselves build up deal only with crime. The one Society is supernatural; God is its King. The others are natural and belong to the political order of this world.

When these things are seen the perfection of the Church's adaptation for the purpose for which it was created is realized. Things fall into place. Eccentricity becomes order. Looking at His City from its Divine Builder's point of view instead of from our own narrow standpoint, the aspect changes and humility is rewarded with a vision of rationality.

And more than rationality. When I look now at the outline of New York against the sky line, when I crane my neck at night to gaze at the looming, shadowy outline of buildings punctured with tiny lights, when I see how art is mastering the materials imposed on it by circumstances and transforming blocks of concrete and iron into things of beauty, I marvel at this vision of unfamiliar loveliness. What was mere heavy masonry has become impressive. That is how the Church comes to affect one who looks at it as a learner. A new style of art creates the standards by which it is to be judged. The critic has to be educated by that which he criticizes before he can exercise his judgment. In the same way, God can only be judged by the principles which He Himself enunciates. "In His Light we see light."

THUS IT comes about that the Catholic discovers by experience that his unregenerate nature could not appreciate the fitness of the means provided for his welfare. His native instincts formed no criterion. He realizes that what he called his "taste" was largely prejudice.

* * * * *

Once learn that the Church is a new country—"God's Own Country"—and must be treated as the wise man treats a foreign civilization, and the chief difficulties in our approach to it are removed.

John England 1786-1842

First Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina

THE TWO volumes of "The Life and Times of John England,"* by Peter Guilday, Ph. D., are a vivid story of an American phase of the struggle which will continue until the angel shall sound the Judgment trumpet. It is the ever recurrent attempt, either by machinations from within the fold or by force from without, to shape the Church established by Jesus Christ to suit human fancies. In the early days of our Republic both agencies were very much in evidence, and prevented "a stirring of the Spirit comparable to Apostolic days."

The Right Rev. John England, first bishop of Charleston, was the outstanding personality in scholarship, administrative ability, and the gift of expression among the members of the hierarchy between the demise of Archbishop Carroll and his own death, in the struggle against the attempt to saddle on the Church in the United States the noxious trusteeism along the lines of the Protestant system. An energetic and influential minority of the laity, aided and guided by a small number of able but unworthy priests, strove to wrest from bishops more of the government of the Church than is compatible with her divinely given organization. The evil was enormously aggravated by imported European nationalism—the old world "color-line."

The bulk of the Catholic laity along the eastern coast was largely made up of Irish immigrants and their descendants, but many of the clergy were of other nationalities. "By the beginning of the year 1820, the problem of ecclesiastical authority had undergone changes of such a nature that the whole question seemed to have revolved itself into a struggle between the French and Irish elements in the country itself and abroad, particularly in Rome, for the control of the American Church. From the establishment of the hierarchy (1780) to the appointment of Dr. Kelly and Dr. England to the American episcopate, ten bishops and one administrator had ruled the Church in the United States. Six of these were Frenchmen; three were Irish; and two (Carroll and Neale) were Americans. Even Dubourg, far off in Louisiana, feared that the 'faction which has a large party in the bureaux of Rome,' and who controlled the Cardinal-Prefect of Propaganda,

*The America Press, New York. Price: \$10.00.

By MARK MOESLEIN, C.P. who 'sees only what they show him, hears only what they tell him, would succeed in having an Irishman appointed to the second diocese the Holy See was contemplating for Louisiana.'

In later years and down to our own days, foreignism, through the influx of multitudes of Catholics from European countries, brought about even greater complications for solution within the Church in these parts.

The items of internal discord furnished additional provocation for sectarian opposition to all things Catholic and to Catholics personally. The fuel of animosity then rampant has been so carefully husbanded that there is plenty of it still available today, as is evidenced by Mr. Marshall's open letter on the subject of Hon. Alfred Smith's probable candidature for presidential nomination in 1928.

Bishop England energetically met the complicated situation in all its nasty phases. The point of first attack was *trusteeism*. When his effort to secure united and consistent action among all the bishops for the whole country failed, he tackled the evil and completely eradicated it from the vast territory committed to his care, which included the Carolinas and Georgia. He elaborated a method of lay coöperation which deserved coöperation and adoption on a much larger scale throughout the Church in the United States. Had this been done, Archbishop John Ireland could not have had cause for the lament spoken to the delegates of our first and only Congress of the Catholic Laity of the entire country. The lament was that for the past century too much of the burden of doing the work of the Church had been left for the clergy to carry. Bishop England's plan safeguarded episcopal control and provided opportunities for active helpfulness for the laity. Though the plan was tentative and intended to meet the requirements of his diocese, it was looked at askance by others of the hierarchy as embodying too much democracy. The plan was not perfect—what human ventures are?—but it was a good basis for a better superstructure.

GREAT MEN who see clearly and feel strongly are apt to travel too fast for the slower gait of the less gifted. Bishop England blundered

when he undertook to grapple with the evil of trusteeism in other dioceses, even though his methods were indirect and only for purposes of conciliation. It is always dangerous to sweep the sidewalk in front of the neighbor's door. Zeal led the great and good man astray, and ruptured the friendliness between himself and other members of the hierarchy. This was unfortunate, because it clogged his unquestioned abilities for much usefulness in the Church within the United States. This error of judgment, however, is the only notable misstep in a remarkable career of great accomplishments.

WHEN THE decrees of the First Provincial Council were being reviewed in Rome, a priest, assumed to be well acquainted with conditions in the United States, when asked by the authorities for a consultative opinion, advised against approval of the decree vesting church property in bishops and their successors in office, lest it be taken as an approval of Bishop England's "constitutional method of Church government"; but the advice was discarded, the congregation of Propaganda replying "that the wonderful tranquility in the Diocese of Charleston was proof of the wisdom of its bishop"—a compliment of which even a great man might be proud!

A chief glory of Bishop England's activities is both his insistant advocacy of Provincial Councils and the influence of his strong personality in the proceedings of the same. Some of the hierarchy dreaded such gatherings. The suspicion is not unfounded that the Charleston Bishop's swaying and driving force inspired the dread.

Brownson wrote this flattering tribute: "The Church in this country" (page 502, vol. II), "owes to Bishop England the celebration of Provincial Councils, which have given form and consistency to the hierarchy and order to her internal economy. The venerated Carroll, the first Bishop of Baltimore, when this See was raised to the metropolitan dignity, held a meeting of his colleagues, then newly created, and adopted some few arrangements for their harmonious action. Nearly nineteen years passed without any other episcopal assembly. The distance of some of the suffragan prelates from the chief See, their poverty, the need of their presence in their vast dioceses, ill provided with missionaries, were serious hindrances to their coming together in council; but it cannot be dissembled that the weightiest impediment arose from the fear which some excellent men entertained that such an assembly would occasion agitation among the

clergy and people and lead to rash innovations.

"The ardent character of the Bishop Charleston was not calculated to diminish this apprehension. The ceaseless activity of his mind, his peculiar views on certain points of discipline, and his power in debate, were subjects of misgiving, so that little regard was paid to his suggestions, until Archbishop Whitfield was raised to the See. In the First Council which he summoned, in 1829, Bishop England used with great moderation the success which crowned his efforts. The ease, the dignity, the power, the beauty of his language, in the unstudied effusions of the council-chamber or in the conferences with the theologians were more admirable than the flashes and thunders of his eloquence which amazed the crowded audience in the public sessions. His moderation of sentiment and courtesy of manner surprised such of his colleagues as had known him only by his reputation as a bold, uncompromising patriot and prelate. Notwithstanding the caution with which his suggestions were received, he succeeded in inducing the adoption of many measures originating with himself, and he readily modified his own views to harmonize with those of his brethren in the episcopate.

"At his instance, it was resolved to hold the next council after the lapse of the canonical period of three years; but when the appointed time was approaching, the worthy Metropolitan shrank from the responsibility of a second experience; and it was not until the Sovereign Pontiff [urged by Bishop England] intimated his express will, that his repugnance was overcome. We state these facts in no offensive spirit; we respect the motives of the prelate and his advisers; but it is right that the praise of originating and promoting these most important assemblies should be given to the eminent Bishop of Charleston. 'Honor to whom honor is due.'" What a graphic description of a great man!

His fame reached Rome. For a time it was not favorable; but later his worth so impressed the Holy See that Gregory XVI appointed him Apostolic Delegate Extraordinary to The Hatien Government, and administrator of the Archdiocese of Santo Domingo. In the brief, making him an Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, he is described as "a great personality, most distinguished for unusual eloquence, for scholarship, and for untiring effort, who during many years carried on the work of the Catholic Church in those vast regions [of the United States] with decided advantage to religion."

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Whilst the appointment was a noteworthy honor, it lessened the effectiveness of his strenuous effort in the Southland, where formerly he came to be as nearly idolized by all classes as has been the lot of any Catholic in public life. The influential people of the South took offense at his having so much as official dealings with the government of a Negro republic, even though it was in exclusively Church matters. He realized fully how much human prestige he was sacrificing, but his loyalty to the Holy See counted for more.

HE VISITED Haiti twice, in 1834 and 1836. The tentative agreement between Bishop England and Boyer, President of Haiti, was not acceptable to the authorities in Rome at the time; though "when negotiations were resumed in 1841 by Bishop Rosati, who was sent in Dr. England's place, the Bishop of St. Louis signed a concordat with the Hatien Government containing the identical clauses which Dr. England had urged Gregory XVI to accept."

The Charleston Bishop's most efficient asset was his singular gift of expression in both the written and spoken word, and in his personal manners of contact with his fellows. One of his auditors thus writes of his public speaking when refuting error: "The variety of topics on which it was necessary for him to touch in a sermon of this description [the dedication of St. John's Church at Frederick, Md., April 26, 1837] would seem unfavorable to what has been regarded as a peculiarity of his mind, more than any other living orator: that is, a power of unfolding a principle, and extracting from its development evidences of truth, which sometimes even those who are familiar with the principle do not suspect it of containing, or cannot exhibit with that clear-

ness and perspicuity which carry at once light and conviction to the minds of audiences. When you hear the Bishop of Charleston on a subject of this description, you are borne along on a tide which at first may seem barely able to sustain you, but which is continuous and accumulative in its progress until it acquires a force that overwhelms everything which cannot spring to its surface. On such an occasion, he and the advocate of the error he is refuting at the commence-

ment of his discourse, seem to be nearly on an equality, but as he advances you mark the growing strength on one side, and the progressive weakness on the other. He defeats his adversary by the unfolding of the principle involved in the contest, but when he gathers up his evidences in a concentrated form, and hurls them in their collected weight you see that the opponent is not only defeated but absolutely crushed to the earth, until your sense of pity becomes oppressive, and you would almost interpose for his rescue. You are so interested in him who is stricken by the thunderbolts of the Bishop's unerring logic that at last you become almost insensible to the flashes of

an eloquence in the midst of which he launches them forth." (Pages 398-399, vol. II.)

His ADDRESS before Congress, delivered in the House of Representatives, January 8, 1826, in the presence of John Quincy Adams, President, and a crowded assembly of Senators and Representatives, more than bears out the above appraisal of Bishop England's gift of manifold expression. (Pages 54-65, vol. II). What enhances the merit of the effort is that it was not even outlined on paper before delivery, as he stated in reply to a request to have it printed:



RIGHT REVEREND JOHN ENGLAND

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"I have not written, nor have I taken a note of my discourse."

PROFESSOR GUILDAY and *The American Press* have given us a work which should find a place in every priest's library and among the books of every cultured Catholic home. It should be most interesting reading to non-Catholics who are obsessed by the notion that all Catholics think all their thoughts in precisely the same way. "The Life and Times of John England" is a tangible object lesson that in what pertains to Faith, Catholics are one; but in all else they are apt to

differ as much as the extreme votaries of self-expression; even in the understanding of the same Faith, they are graded as classes in arithmetic from the kindergarten to the highest in universities, not by Church law, but by self-elected indifference or interest. Many understand disgracefully little about the Faith which they profess; others have delved more carefully among its immense treasures; but only the comparatively few revel in the study of its beauty, grandeur and perfectly philosophical coherence—a coherence so finely adjusted that only the Divine Mind could be its author.

A Double Wedding

BETH WAS engaged. . . . By BERNARD B. STANTON
That was the fact which her mother repeated to herself again and again during the night following the disclosure. She could not sleep. She was happy and perturbed and did not know whether to laugh or cry. Sometimes, as she thought of Beth with her flaxen hair and innocent blue eyes embarking on the treacherous sea of matrimony with its hidden reefs and sudden storms, she wanted to weep. It seemed so terrible for that frail bark to face so many dangers without a mother's watchful care. And then, again, when she thought of all that marriage might mean—the cosy home shared by a man and woman truly mated—she could not but feel jubilant to think that this experience might now be enjoyed by the child to brighten whose life had been the one object of her existence.

Mrs. Lynch and her daughter had been everything to one another. For eighteen of Beth's twenty years they had been alone in the little house on the corner of Pine Avenue. Jud Lynch after three years of happy married life had been killed by an accident at the factory where he was employed. He had left his widow enough to save her from privation but their circumstances had been none too luxurious and, until the girl had been able to earn something for herself, the widow had not been free from anxiety. But she determined that Beth should have the best that their means would allow. If it was a question of a new dress the elder woman would go without needed additions to her own wardrobe to see that her daughter was fittingly attired.

"We can't afford it," Beth would say. "You've got to have something for best yourself. You can't go on wearing that old black silk any longer."

"Good enough for an old woman like me."

"Huh! Old woman," Beth would retort, "don't you talk like that, mother mine."

But it would generally end in the daughter obtaining the new dress and the mother going without for yet another few months. Always Mrs. Lynch's eyes had been fixed on the day when the girl would find the man worthy of her. Long before he actually appeared on the scene, she had determined what he ought to be like. She pictured the wedding. It was to be a grand affair worthy of the occasion. Father Levine would officiate and her neighbors, the Garrisons and the Schmidts would be there; and, of course, Henry Barclay, that invaluable friend and counsellor. There was even among her belongings a box in which she had hidden away a few precious objects to be brought out on that Day of Days to adorn her daughter—relics of the times when she had loved to adorn herself, and the dress she herself had worn at her own wedding. Carefully she scrutinized Beth's men friends discover whether the veritable He had arrived on the scene. She almost lived in the thought of the coming Event.

THERE WAS a certain pathos in this. Her own married life had been so sweet and yet so short. Her love story had been broken off in its first few chapters, leaving a blank, a sense of suspense, a desire that it should "be continued in our

next." As the girl grew up, this feeling of something incomplete fastened for its satisfaction on Beth's future. What had been denied to herself might be granted her in her daughter. She might enjoy vicariously the happiness of which Providence had robbed her years before. Self-effacing as she was, it did to a large extent satisfy her to renew her youth in contemplation of another's good fortune.

And at last the long anticipated thing had happened. No wonder she could not sleep! But her thoughts were not all pleasant. Anxious fears mingled with them.

BERT HAYES was a presentable youth and he was in a good position. Healthy minded—yes, she was sure of that. Thoughtful, too. No gilded specimen of American manhood but made of honest stuff. And yet she was anxious. It disturbed her that the boy did not appear to have any sort of religion. Like so many of his generation he appeared to think he could get along well enough without it. She tried to convince herself that he would grow out of that phase; it was merely due to his youth. And, after all, if he made a good husband, if he lived a clean life and was industrious and loved Beth truly and cared for her as a husband should, did it matter so much whether he went to church or not? But in spite of these arguments she could not be altogether at ease in her mind. There was a shadow on her joy and, do what she might, she could not get rid of it. Before she dozed off she determined to consult Henry Barclay.

This friend had been associated with her husband in business. Indeed there had been a time—at which she now smiled—when a little turn in the wheel of Fortune would have made her Mrs. Barclay instead of Mrs. Lynch. But although she had discouraged "Harry's" attentions he had continued as her friend. Subsequently he had studied for the law and removed to another township. But she had not lost sight of him. Every now and again some difficulty would arise calling for his legal knowledge and she never appealed to him in vain. His letters always solved her difficulties. She wrote to him now, stating her trouble frankly and asking his advice. He replied that he would run over to see them as soon as some business in which he was engaged should permit him.

Meanwhile the development of events only deepened the widow's perplexity.

One evening she was discussing with Beth the arrangements for the wedding. It was character-

istic of her that she was doing this in spite of the fact that the date had not been fixed and that present appearances indicated that there was no immediate hurry. Beth deprecated this haste.

"Oh, mum," she said, "Bert says we won't get married till he's had his next raise and that won't be for another six months. Plenty of time to think of these things then."

But Mrs. Lynch's impatience was not to be denied. It was hard to forego the pleasure of her dreams.

"Well," she replied, "there isn't any harm in talking things over. There's lots to think of—dresses, the people we'll invite, where we'll feed all the folk we want and asking Father Levine to get a Dispensation."

"Oh, but," put in Beth opening her blue eyes wider, "we aren't going to be married in a church, mother mine. Bert says the License Bureau'll do. It's just as good as the church and not so much bother. He's not one for making a fuss."

Mrs. Lynch was dismayed. Apart from her feelings as a Catholic, she was bitterly disappointed at this shedding of romance. What was a marriage before a magistrate but a business affair, merely a contract? All the pictures her imagination had painted of a procession passing in stately fashion up the aisle to the throbbing sound of the organ suddenly faded out and left her in a dark and desolate world.

"Oh," she exclaimed miserably, and a silence fell on them. Mother and daughter stared at each other across the gulf that had opened between them. The elder woman's face had become bleak. The brightness which made her look so young—so young that they were sometimes taken for sisters—was gone. Beth gazed at her and saw that she had become an old woman.

"Why, what's the matter, mother?" she asked.

For answer, Mrs. Lynch's face contracted. There were tears in her eyes as she said, "It's terrible to think that you won't have a proper wedding. And after all my planning. And the dress I was going to alter for you and all. Besides, what'll Father Levine say?"

Beth went behind her and stooped down to kiss the watery cheeks. "You mustn't take on like that," she said. "Maybe Bert isn't so set on a civil marriage as he makes out."

THE WIDOW dried her eyes and remarked, "You should insist on a proper wedding. It's for you to choose. If you don't get your way now you'll never do so afterwards. If you give way on this you won't be able to practise your religion at all."

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Time'll come he won't want you to go to Mass, and he'll object to the children being baptized."

That was a point of view Beth hadn't considered. She thought over it and a few evenings after delivered her ultimatum.

"I'm going to have a reg'lar Catholic wedding," she told him. He teased her for wanting to show off fine clothes before a crowd of neighbors. There was enough truth in the accusation to make the girl angry, and her anger carried her further than she meant to go.

"Either you marry me properly in church," she announced, "or you don't marry me at all."

WHAT SETTLED it. The boy was not unreasonable and he was not going to run any risk of losing this blue-eyed girl. He told her so and a kiss sealed his promise to respect her wishes.

The effect of this on Mrs. Lynch, when she heard the news, was remarkable. The only shadow on the Event to which she had so long looked forward was now gone. She could indulge to the full in the joy which the prospect of a son-in-law awakened. Anyone might have thought it was going to be her own wedding. She seemed to be years younger. She had been in her teens when her baby had been born and she still retained something of the beauty that had won the heart of Jud Lynch twenty-one years before. As she went about her work in the house she sang old, forgotten songs. It was noticeable that a certain coquettishness crept into her manner and her style of dressing. She was identifying herself with the bride-that-was-to-be and sharing all her hopes. Love radiated from her. She laughed like a young girl. When she now discussed the wedding a note of excitement checked only by modesty was observable in her voice.

Along the channels of the mother's sympathy her daughter's high spirits flowed unhindered by any consideration of future loneliness. They shared their joy in perfect harmony. The infection of light-hearted gaiety spread from the younger to the older woman as quickly as the emotions of a magnetic actor pass to his audience. The mother reflected every mood of Beth.

In the midst of this transformation from age to youthfulness Mrs. Lynch remembered Henry Barclay. He had written to say he would come as soon as he was free and she had never informed him of the changed circumstances that made his counsel unnecessary. "I must let him know," she said.

But for some reason or other she delayed. The days went by and still she did not write. She

excused herself by saying there was so much else to think about and to do. Before she had prevailed upon herself to communicate with him he arrived. He had aged, she thought, but not so much as she imagined he would have done. It was some years since they had met. To him she was a wonder. He had expected to see a frail little woman carrying her widowhood in her face, and his honest, kindly eyes showed the surprise that he felt.

"Well, Kate," he said, "just the same as ever. No, I swear you look younger than you did."

They were soon on the old friendly terms. The years during which they had lived separate lives did not exist. Instinctively she called him "Harry." His geniality made any other title impossible. Beth was delighted to see her mother so happy.

Henry Barclay seemed in no hurry to depart. The infectious happiness of the household penetrated the crust that middle age is apt to develop and he became like a boy. The matrimonial atmosphere of the place put strange thoughts into his mind—thoughts to which he had been a stranger since this same "Kate" had preferred Jud Lynch to him and he had sworn to marry no other woman.

One evening they were alone, Beth having gone out with Bert. "I have been thinking," said the lawyer, with a whimsical smile playing round his lips, "that it's a pity to have all this fuss about one wedding."

Mrs. Lynch looked up, not quite certain how to take the remark. "I mean," he added, "that it would be so much more economical to make it a double wedding. Same priest, same day, same arrangements."

Though a light began to creep into her eyes, the widow still bore a look of perplexity. Her old lover drew his chair nearer and took her hand in his. "Listen, Kate," he said. "Once before I asked you to marry me. But there was a better man in the way, and you were old then and wise. Perhaps I have a greater chance with the young girl you have become. She may not see through me quite as quickly as she once did. Tell me, shall it be a double wedding?"

HE LIFTED the little hand that he held towards his lips and waited. But the assent of her eyes gave permission and he kissed it.

Just then Beth entered.

"Well," she laughed, seeing their guilty looks, "what mischief have you old folks been up to?"

"Same as you," said her mother.

The Malines Conversations

And the Encyclical on Fostering Religious Union

THE HOLY FATHER'S By HENRY ST. JOHN, O.P. the rights and obligations of the Pope, they say:

lately-issued Encyclical on Fostering Religious Union, with its clear statement of the doctrine of the unity of the Church based upon the primacy of jurisdiction of the See of Peter, comes as an opportune commentary upon the Report of the Malines Conversations now at last published.¹ The plan of these Conversations was to proceed by way of affirmation—to bring forward the points upon which agreement could be reached and to shelve, at any rate for the time being, the attempt to come to any conclusions upon questions where there was likelihood of radical disagreement.

As the Report proceeds we become increasingly conscious of the presence of a fundamental difference of outlook underlying such agreement as was reached. To the Anglican representatives the unity of the Body of Christ is something desirable but unattained; to the Catholics it is an existing fact and a necessary presupposition. This is the crux of the whole question. The corporate union of the Church of England with the Holy See, the ultimate object envisaged by the Conversations, were it ever to come about, would not be the re-joining of two separated parts of the Body of Christ, it would be the uniting of a schismatic member of the one and indivisible Body.

This, implicit in the Malines Report, which did not publish negative conclusions, is reiterated by the Holy Father in his Encyclical. And to this the Anglican theologians cannot bring themselves to assent.

Yet for those who see the finger of the Holy Ghost in the perplexing story of the Anglo-Catholic Revival there is much cause for encouragement in the reading of this Report. The eminent men who took part on the Anglican side in the Malines Conversations represent all that is best and sanest in the learning and piety of a large and increasing section of the Church of England, and it is evident that their eyes are looking Romewards. Some words from the Memorandum presented for the (Roman) Catholics (p. 89) are significant. Speaking of the language used by the Anglicans concerning

If an attempt is made to go further, as, for example, to sketch in definite outline the duties of the Pope in acting for the well-being of the Church Universal, and to undertake the enumeration of the corresponding rights, our Anglican friends show some unwillingness to go into details.

It may, however, be useful to reproduce here some examples of the language they use. These are of great interest since they indicate an identical tendency of thought and a similar line of research, and thus they encourage the hope of a much greater measure of agreement in the future.

The exact phraseology is here of importance on account of the idea which underlies it. When they speak of "spiritual responsibility," "spiritual leadership," "general superintendence," "care for the well-being of the Church as a whole," their mind seems throughout all such language to fasten upon a very positive conception of a certain power, rich in its capacity but ill-defined in its extent. Memories of ancient times have left some bitterness of heart. It is better not to go back upon the past, but to try to forecast the forms which papal activity might take in the future. But what emerges from these expressions is the sense of a lofty mission attaching to the Pope, with the implication that to a "primacy of honor" there must be added a "primacy of responsibility."

Without endeavoring for the moment to bring such language into line with the theological terminology of Roman Catholic doctrine, surely it is not impossible to hope that, by going deeper into these ideas and by bringing out what is contained in them, a notable approach may be made towards many points of the doctrine of the papacy as held by (Roman) Catholics: a line of study which is now being pursued in the Anglican Church seems to tend to that direction.

Vague as the terms used are, they imply a tendency to look to the Holy See as a centre of unity necessary, not, it is true, in an absolute sense to the life of the Church, but at least to its normal well-being. This, as the Holy Father has pointed out, falls far short of the truth, but it reveals a trend of mind which may be fruitful of much in the future.

It is difficult for a convert who has known the Church of England intimately to understand how the Anglican theologians who were present at Malines can entertain the possibility, in practical politics, of a corporate union between the Holy See and the Church of England as it is at present constituted. Even were the mythical hope of some accommodation or surrender on the part

²Not in the French version.

¹The *Conversations at Malines, 1921—1925*. (Oxford University Press.)

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of Rome realized, the Church of England, with its warring parties and its incompatible teachings, cannot be imagined in such a situation. And yet this is clearly the ultimate object envisaged by both parties in the Malines Conversations. They were designed to clear as far as possible the approaches and to pave the way to corporate union. Is such union possible? In the present state of things clearly not. No Catholic theologian has ever doubted that were corporate union brought about it would entail the acceptance of the decrees of Trent and Vatican, even though the Holy See were to see its way to a large latitude in purely disciplinary matters. This was made clear by the Catholic representatives at Malines.

THE CHURCH of England has been a compromise from the beginning—it was designed to hold together elements which have ever been in opposition, its very constitution contained the seeds of disruption, and for nearly four hundred years these mutually opposing elements have grown together in uneasy companionship. There are, of course, grades and overlappings innumerable, but the three broad divisions—Anglo-Catholic, Modernist, and Evangelical—represent three ideals which are wholly incompatible. The Anglicans at Malines could in no sense speak for the Church of England as a whole. Every sentence they used in connection with a doctrinal statement, even where the actual formularies of the Church of England were quoted, would be repudiated, in the sense they used it, by men of other views equally representative of the Church of England. The Church of England, as such, has no living voice on these matters, and it is impossible that, as a body, she should accept the decrees of Vatican and Trent.

But the Anglicans who were present at Malines do represent the ideals and aspirations of a large, earnest, and increasing section of the Church of England, which holds an historic place within it, and which is becoming more and more attuned to Catholic ideas and ways. It may well be that the recent action of the House of Commons in rejecting the Revised Prayer Book will lead to dis-establishment; it has already given a great impetus to the demand for it, and if, as seems not unlikely, the Revised Prayer Book is again rejected, that demand will become much more insistent. It can hardly be doubted that dis-establishment would lead to radical changes. It would give rise to an intense struggle for supremacy, within the Church of England itself, between the

incompatible elements which have managed hitherto to co-exist owing to the limits imposed on development by State Control.

In this struggle it is well within the bounds of possibility that the Anglo-Catholic Party (to use the term in its broadest sense) should succeed in making itself supreme, revising its formularies and liturgy in a Catholic direction, and should thereby oust the Modernist and Protestant elements. In such an event the idea of a Uniat Church would not be wholly fantastic. Great upheavals have often produced strange changes of direction in the current of popular feeling, and it must seem plain to those who have studied the trend of events during the past year that a great upheaval in the Church of England is possible, if not imminent. Should such an upheaval take place, the tendency already apparent to look longingly towards Rome as the centre of unity and Mother of Churches might well spread from the few to the many, and pass from a vague aspiration to an intense and determined movement.

It has often been urged against the Malines Conversations that they have encouraged false hopes of mutual accommodation between the Holy See and the Church of England, and have kept Anglicans, who would otherwise do so, from squarely facing the claims of the Catholic Church to their submission. If this be the case the timely Encyclical of the Holy Father will have put an end to the danger. But those who know the Church of England best are aware that the great majority whom the Anglican theologians of Malines represent, do not and, while the present state of things lasts, never will regard their relation to Rome in terms of submission or non-submission at all. For them it is nothing more than a vague and wistful longing for union with a great Church, which they reverence for its unity and its steadfast witness to the Faith, but which has advanced pretensions, so they are taught to believe, which make a close relation impossible.

IT IS these who may, in the Providence of God, be called upon at some date in the not very distant future to see the dissolution of all that they have learned to regard as fixed and settled. If that moment comes, they will be compelled to make a complete revision of estimates. Then the work of Malines that has already been done, and the work which lies in the future should authority permit the continuance of the Conversations, will bear its fruit. Some wise words of the Archbishop of Canterbury may be quoted: "I have

always believed that personal intercourse is of the very highest value for the better understanding of matters of faith or opinion whereon people are in disagreement, however wide or even fundamental the disagreement may be. To me the quenching of smoking flax by the stamping out of an endeavor to discuss, thus privately, our differences would—I say it unhesitatingly—have seemed to be a sin against God.”³

We believe that it is not entirely impossible to hope that a Church of England, or a large and

organized body split from the Church of England, freed from state control and thus gaining a living voice wherewith to speak its own mind, might under the influence of its leaders come to a more complete apprehension and expression of the Catholic Faith, and so be in a position to seek acceptance by and union with the See of Peter.

³Speech by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the Upper House of Convocation, February 6, 1924. App. II.

A Sin Atoned For

"I Deserve All that I am Getting."

THE WOMAN closed the door leading into the attic. She closed it softly, and stood a minute, listening. There was no one to follow her, really, except one of the servants or her dog, and she had left the dog sleeping on the davenport in the living-room two floors below. He was very tired from the long tramp she had had with him; and dogs can sleep when they are tired.

A woman can't. Not a woman with a breaking heart.

She climbed the attic stairs, slowly, heavily. When she had reached the top, she went over to the window that looked out upon the front lawn. On the limb of a tree within her vision, a bird tilted and chirped on the edge of its nest; she heard the music of a radio next door, and a child's laughter. When she heard the child, she shivered and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, dear!" she gasped.

But she had heard things like these so often, and stood so often at her attic window, that she marveled, even now, at her ability to go on suffering. Why did she come up here, when it tore her heart strings so? Today, of course, she had to come. There was a special reason. For a few minutes, she had forgotten that reason. But it was because she would not be coming up here, again; ever.

Beneath the attic window was an old trunk, and she knelt beside it and opened it. It was not locked—no one but herself ever cared to touch it! There was not much in the chest. She lifted a baby's long dress and smoothed it and tied and

untied a blue ribbon at the neck. She folded it and laid it back again, and put a pair of wee socks and little knitted shoes on top of it. For the first time in the twenty years she had been doing this, the woman did not weep. Her eyes were hard and dry.

"I've got only myself to blame!" she said to the chest. "*I deserve all that I am getting!*"

She sank into a sitting posture beside the chest and laid her burning forehead against its sharp corner. Her aching memory carried her back along the years.

She saw herself a young girl, pretty and gifted. Beaux came and went, and left her heart-free, until there had been a man—the man. Even in his youth—their youth—he had been as ambitious as he was handsome. He was noble, in his way—but it was not the way of her people. She should have listened when older heads warned her! She would only think that he loved her, that she loved him, and that a joy not of earth was hers for the taking.

ALL THAT was before religion entered in. But even after she had found out, from his own lips, that the flint-like bigotry of his Huguenot ancestors was as much a part of him as the color of his eyes or his hair—that he hated the Church in which she had been reared with so abiding and intense a hatred that he would have none of it in his own life or in the life of anyone who was near to him—even when the girl had learned that, she would not give him up.

"Fool that I was!" whispered the woman beside the chest.

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Her first mad, irretrievable step was that flight in the night, and the ceremony by a man unhalloved by the name of preacher. She had thought she could treat the God of her fathers like that!

All other misfortunes had followed from that night. She who had married out of her Church could not so easily return to it; she who had stooped to a bigot's will before he had her trapped could not lead him her way, afterward.

Nor could she go her own way with her soul.

There had followed, in the first months of her marriage, a kind of troubled Paradise. And then, sure repentance.

There had been a child. She had prayed, this foolish girl, that her husband would become less narrow, less prejudiced against the Faith she had renounced. Perhaps a child brought up in the Truth might lead him where she had only failed! She hailed the coming of her baby with feverish impatience.

AND THEN, when the child came, she knew that it was to be all his; not hers. She fought with all her strength for it—it was guarded from her, watched by a dragon as hard as the man himself.

There was that night, when the child died, and she had baptized it herself, locked like a madwoman behind the door against which a madman pounded. He never forgave her that night.

All that was twenty years ago. As long as that. Her fair hair had grown white long since; her youth was gone. It had been many weary years since the man had kept up any pretense of belonging to her. He was debonaire, handsome still; he found much to give him joy in the world in which he lived.

The woman found nothing. There had been twenty years, now, of long lonely days and longer, lonelier nights. And only yesterday there had come the knowledge that the man did not want her in his house. The pretense of her wifehood had palled on him; there was a younger woman waiting for her place.

The woman on the floor laughed, suddenly, mirthlessly. "It serves you right!" she said aloud, bitterly. She got up and closed the chest. Then she went downstairs and to her own room.

No, she would not fight. For a little time yesterday she had thought she would, but only for a little time. She was tired of suffering, tired of longing. There was one thing left to her! She could, at last, go back to God!

In her room she packed a small bag, dressed herself in a simple suit and put a simpler hat

upon her soft white hair. The man himself had ceased to care about her looks twenty years ago; she had never cared, really, since the days of her honeymoon.

SHE WENT slowly down the front stairs of her spacious home and out upon the front verandah, her bag in her hand. Her husband had just come up the walk. Her dog had bounded out from his sleep in the living-room to greet the man—he had no time for her, then. He leapt and froliced about the man's feet; the man waved his newspaper under the dog's nose.

"Jim," said the woman, unsteadily, "I've thought it all out. You may have your freedom. Why not? You've taken it all these years, anyway! You'll sue me for desertion, I suppose, but I don't care!

"You need not give me anything. I don't want it! They are going to take me into a convent. I'll work there, and try in my old age to atone for the sin of my marriage to you!"

He shrugged his shoulders, and she thought she detected the ghost of a sneer. But she picked up her bag and went on down to the gate. And through it, into the street.

She turned her head once, and looked back. There was the house to which she had come as a frightened bride after her foolish, runaway marriage. Above the verandah was the room in which her only child had been born; and above that was the attic, and the chest she would never see again.

She saw her husband stop on the bottom step of the verandah to light a cigar. His handsome, iron-gray head was bent sideways, and his broad shoulders stooped a little as he lifted the match to his face.

Her feet faltered. He couldn't let her go like that! Didn't he care—even a little? She was old and worn and poor; he was rich and the years had dealt kindly with him. Was he to be hard and unyielding to the end?

The dog bounded about him, wagged his tail; he, too, had forgotten the woman who loved him. "Animals are like that," she whispered, brokenly.

The man did not turn his head. He went up the verandah steps and into the hall. She saw him toss his hat on the rack. Then he went in out of her sight. He was whistling, and the dog was giving vent to sharp, happy barks.

He had not looked after her, once.

* * * * *

The woman went on down the street with her bag. She no longer felt anything, save the divine justice of her punishment.

In Memory of Me

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

"And they shall know that I am the Lord their God who have brought them out of the land of Egypt that I might abide among them." (Ex. 29:46.)

THUS SPOKE the Lord God to His servant Moses on Mount Sinai. All the preceding chapters of Exodus treat of the wonderful manner in which God delivered the Jews from the land of Egypt. They describe with dramatic vividness the ten plagues that finally compelled Pharaoh to allow them to depart; they tell of the pillar of cloud that protected them by day and of the pillar of fire that guided them by night; the passage of the Red Sea; the bread sent from heaven and the water miraculously produced from the rock. Never did God show Himself so mighty to save, so prodigal of His love for His chosen people. Then Moses goes up Mount Sinai where God described to him in minutest detail the Tabernacle and its appurtenances. And there follows immediately that revelation of the Heart of God, the purpose of all His works. "And I will dwell in the midst of the children of Israel and I will be their God. And they shall know that I am the Lord their God Who brought them out of the land of Egypt *that I might abide among them.*" (Ex. 29:45:46.) But alas! at that very moment when Moses had been but forty days upon the Mount, the Israelites had forgotten all that God had done for them. "We know not," said they, "what has become of this Moses, the man that brought us out of the land of Egypt; let us make gods to go before us." (Ex. 32:1.)

Such are the two scenes that took place; one at the top, the other at the foot of Mount Sinai. It seems incredible that the human heart could be guilty of such ingratitude. Still there is evident to all observers a scene that surpasses this. In cold neglect, in deliberate forgetfulness, it has no equal. Raising our eyes to the tabernacles of our altars, we see it surmounted by the holy crucifix which reveals to us, more eloquently than words can describe, all that Jesus has done to deliver us from a bondage of sin. Below in the tabernacle itself is Jesus Himself; for all His works of love were done that He might abide

amongst us. And around the altar we see His chosen people, forgetful of His Passion, unmindful of the Presence of the Redeemer Himself, and making other gods—other interests—to go before them. They "forget the God Who saved them" and Who dwells in their midst. This is the condition of the world at large. One who loves Jesus can look at it with sorrow and make generous reparation. But one can also prevent such a state from taking possession of mind and heart by bringing together more closely in one's devotional life the Cross and the Tabernacle, the Passion and the Eucharist. Sanctification is achieved, not by following one's own whims and fancies but by carrying out our Lord's Will. He instituted the Blessed Sacrament as a Memorial of His Passion, and those who separate what He has united cannot hope to share in the full measure of the graces of Holy Communion. To remember of that sacred moment that He is our Redeemer, to recall the labors and sufferings by which He purchased Redemption for us, is to make the personal effort required for an answer to the Church's prayer: "O God, Who in a wonderful Sacrament, has left us a Memorial of Thy Passion, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may venerate the Sacred Mysteries of Thy Body and Blood in such a manner that we may feel in ourselves the fruit of Thy Redemption."

* * * * *

"And this day shall be a memorial to you; and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord in your generations with an everlasting observance." (Ex. 12:14.)

TO KEEP His chosen people ever in remembrance of their deliverance, God commanded the observance of that day by a yearly feast, called the Passover. It was the first and chief festival of the year, and the ceremonies of the day centered in the Paschal Supper. At this meal they ate only foods that reminded them of their deliverance. There were the unleavened bread—"the bread of affliction"—the bitter herbs with a bowl of vinegar; the red wine; the Choraseth—a brick-colored paste reminding them of their labors in Egypt; and then, the chief dish, the paschal lamb, the blood of which sprinkled on their doorposts

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had saved them from the destroying angel. During the meal, the master of the house was asked the meaning of the feast and he replied by telling the story of the Exodus from Egypt and explaining the significance of each dish: "And thou shalt tell thy son in that day, saying: This is what the Lord did to me when I came forth from Egypt. And it shall be as a sign in thy hand and as a memorial before thy eyes . . . for with a strong hand the Lord hath brought thee out of the land of Egypt." (Ex. 13:8-9.) This discourse was called the Haggadah or "showing forth."

Thus did God command the annual observance of their deliverance from slavery and thus did the Jews celebrate with elaborate ceremonies this festival of joy. It was at this Supper, while performing these ordinances, that Jesus instituted the Holy Eucharist, the Memorial of His Passion, of our deliverance from the bondage of sin. In the light of these circumstances, what a depth of meaning there is in His words: "Do this for a commemoration of Me." (LUKE 22:19); how significant are the words of St. Paul: "As often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you shall show forth the death of the Lord until He come." (1 COR. 11:26.)

* * * * *

"Thou didst feed Thy people with the food of Angels and gavest them bread from Heaven prepared without labor." (WISDOM 16:20.)

THE MANNA that fed the Jews in the desert is a type of the Blessed Sacrament. Jesus is the true Bread from Heaven, "having in it all that is delicious and the sweetness of every taste. For Thy sustenance showed Thy sweetness to Thy children and, serving every man's will, it was turned to what every man liked." Our gratitude should surpass that of the Jews, but particularly when we consider that our Bread was not prepared without labor. "Certainly it was not without labor that He prepared this feast for us. It needed the self-abasements of the Incarnation, the humility and obscure labors of the hidden life, the fatigue of the apostolate, the conflicts with the Pharisees, the combats against the prince of darkness, finally, that which contains and crowns all, the sufferings of the Passion. It was only at the cost of His blood-stained immolation and untold sufferings that Christ Jesus merited for us this wonderful grace of being united so closely to Himself in that He nourishes us with His Sacred Body, and gives us His Precious Blood to drink." (*Christ in His Mysteries* by Marmion, p. 350.)

Moreover it was His last will and testament.

And "where there is a testament the death of the testator must of necessity come in. For a testament is of force after men are dead; otherwise it is of no strength, whilst the testator liveth." (HEBR. 9:16:17.) In this sense, it can be said that Jesus died in order that He might abide among us.

Nor have we grasped all the sorrows and sufferings of His Passion unless we see the part taken by the thought of the Eucharist. He saw Himself mocked, abandoned, rejected throughout the ages. "You will find here the abandonment and the shameful flight of the disciples, the kisses of treason, the hatred which insults or despises, the carelessness of the crowd which looks and passes on." "He is betrayed by apostasy, sold by interest, crucified by vice. The hearts of those who receive Him too often become His Calvary." If these crimes were so great as to cause Him to break the silence of the tabernacle and to show His Divine Heart, wreathed with thorns and surmounted by a cross, how much more bitterly He felt them in the days of His flesh, when He felt the weight of all sins, bore their guilt and endured their punishment! "He loved me and delivered Himself for me." (GAL. 2:20.)

Its distance in point of time, our dulness of imagination, the multitude of the redeemed keep many from understanding our Lord's Passion. They fail to grasp the fact that it was a personal love for each of us that moved our Lord to die. Kneeling before the tabernacle or after Communion they will realize in heart to heart intimacy that "He loved *me* and delivered Himself for *me*." There, in the light of a clearer knowledge and a more fervent love, they shall understand His Death in its highest purpose—that it was not merely a cruel death that Jesus endured for them, but, more truly, it was the giving of His life to them. "Amen, Amen I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." (JOHN 12:24:25.) He gave himself as a Victim on the Cross that He might become the Victim on a thousand altars. He died for all that He might give His life to each. He died our death that we might share in His life. To recall His Passion at Holy Communion is to grow in personal love for the Redeemer; it is to "live in the faith of the Son of God Who loved me and delivered Himself for me"; it is to feel the charity of Christ urging us on to that crucifixion of the flesh and its concupiscences which will identify us with Him—the Victim of the Cross and the Altar.

To a Soap-Box Orator

A Communication from a Former Comrade

I WAS REAL glad to meet you the other day on Broadway. It brought back the enthusiasms of a time I was beginning to forget. What glorious nights we used to spend discussing the prophets of Social Democracy! The day when our ideals would triumph seemed very near then; I suppose both of us have been somewhat disillusioned with the passing of the years though I note that you still retain your firmer outlook and have not in spite of those disillusionments, ceased to proclaim the principles we used to preach from our stand in Union Square.

I suppose I must pardon your surprise at the fact that I have become a Catholic, though that step was largely due to the experience I shared with you. I think the beginning of the process of my conversion may be dated from the evening when I nearly caused a riot and we had to pack up and make off with more haste than dignity. Remember?

It was all over my insistence that "the brotherhood of mankind," which was the accepted formula of our set, extended to millionaires. It was curious how the crowd which would cheer us when we declared for the comradeship of the workers refused to acknowledge the human rights of the rich, but so it was. As I looked down on the sea of faces turned up to me, I was conscious that my idealistic oratory was stirring deep resentment. One fellow in particular crushed his way to the front and flung a question at me with a bitterness which till then I had never met. The mob roared approval. My answer, which, I confess, was somewhat lame, proved unsatisfactory and the surging of the proletarian sea grew louder. Great waves of anger rolled towards me. I quoted scientific authorities for what I had said, I attempted to reason and finally I resorted to a humorous story, but all was in vain. My defence went down like a castle of sand under the lashing of an Albantie breaker, and there I stood, dazed by the gritty seas overwhelming me and trying in vain to secure some sort of footholds, some kind of authority that would enable me to confront the passions of the crowd.

It was after that meeting I began to wonder what was the final authority for the ideals we

proclaimed. It seemed, to use military language, as though we had placed our entire army in the front line, as Shafter did at Santiago. We had, it seemed, no base on which to fall back. We had our arguments, of course, but they were not final, for arguments may change while principles remain; I may defend my thesis in quite a different way today to what I did yesterday. Our ideals had to be their own authority, but then that was subjective only. They might appeal with overwhelming force to us and not to others. To what external, universal power could we appeal in the last resort? Where was the last ditch in which we must conquer or die? As you know, I had been brought up on the Bible and I thought of the Hebrew prophets with their "Thus saith the Lord." It was something of that kind we needed. But where was it to be found? I looked around me at the warring sects, uncertain of their own tenets, fiercely assailing each others positions, and then my eyes fell on the Catholic Church like some great mountain, steady and immovable, emerging from the drifting clouds. She and she only could declare "Thus saith the Lord" with an authority which carried conviction. If the Kingdom of God was to be built on earth, it must be, I saw, on that rock.

When we discussed these matters the other day I recall that you broke away impatiently, saying that you had no time to go into theological matters. You were, you asserted, a busy man who must content himself with a simple religion, portable enough to be carried about with him. You went further. As far as I can remember your words, you said something like this: "We live in strenuous times when a man, if he is to make good, must give all his attention to business. He has no opportunity for wide reading. He cannot go into the intricacies of theology or of ritualistic practice. A few obvious rules of conduct must suffice him as a guide through life. To be a decent, honest, serviceable citizen, a good husband and father—this is really the extent of the religion men can allow themselves today."

I AGREE that the age in which we live is a more complicated one than that in which our fathers lived. We have not their leisure. There are more demands on ones energy than they ever

know. But it is that very fact which compels one to submit to the guidance of authoritative experts. Let me put it this way.

WE WILL apply your method to the question of housekeeping. Here, for instance, is a Wall Street financier every minute of whose day is absorbed in manipulating stocks and shares. If he were to adopt your line of reasoning with regard to his manner of living, he would say: "I have no time to cook four-course meals, nor to sweep my room and mend my clothes. I will live on food that doesn't require cooking, in apartments so bare that they need only occasionally to be swept and dusted, and, to avoid the complications of a stylish appearance, I will go clad in sackcloth." Of course he says nothing of the kind. Your financier may be a villain, but he is not a fool. He may have lost his conscience, but he has outlost his reason. How then does he meet the situation?

He avails himself of the complexity of society to ensure for himself a simple life. The division of labor, which is the characteristic of the modern industrial world as compared with the past, enables him to utilize the services of a variety of experts which he attends to what are his own special affairs. He gets someone who understands the culinary art to prepare his meals for him, someone who has devoted himself to the laundry business to wash his clothes, someone who knows what's what in keeping apartments in order to see that his rooms are clean and orderly, and this army of experts provided by the intricate organization of life in modern New York releases him from jobs for which he is not fitted. By putting himself confidently into the hands of those whose vocations differ from his he becomes free to devote his whole time to his own peculiar job.

Now that is my position. Like you, I am a busy man. I have no time to go into all the metaphysical philosophical, psychological, critical and historical questions related to religion. I cannot study traditional practices of sacramental and ritualistic observance. If I am to live simply I must leave these matters to those who are called to deal with them. In the Catholic Church I find an organization similar in some respects to that of the society in which we live. It trains and appoints men to conduct public worship, to make a study of theological and ecclesiastical concerns, to deal with the perplexities and scruples of the faithful. They have nothing else to do. They are exempted from ordinary distractions in order that they may concentrate on these things,

and hence I have no need, if I entrust myself to their care, to bother my head with what doesn't concern me. It is the very complexity of the Catholic Church—the thing of which you complained—which accounts for the simple, peaceful, happy character you may have noted in the typical Catholic.

The reformed churches which adopted the principle of the right of private judgment really landed themselves in an impossible position. They called upon the ordinary individual to pronounce on obtruse questions for which he has neither the opportunity nor ability to deal adequately. It saddled him with the responsibility of the whole church. He had to be his own Pope, priest and theologian. He found himself in the position of the sheep-herder in Montana who has to do his own baking, washing and mending and has even to make an attempt sometimes at cutting his own hair! What was the consequence? Finding themselves incapable of undertaking the varied demands of a fully developed religion, Protestants tend more and more to reduce religion to something that brings it within range of their individual powers. They cut their coat according to their cloth and it is not surprising that some of them wear little more than a trim rag, or that the great religion of Christianity is reduced, in their case, to a few shreds of decency. They delete the sacraments, they delete dogmas, they delete the obligation of church going, they delete everything but a few maxims of moral respectability. These and these alone preserve them from the utter nakedness of a frankly avowed heathenism.

It is sometimes said that Catholicism belongs to the past, was fitted for the past but is unsuited for our own progressive age. Carlyle said decisively that the factory system had banished the figure of the monk from society. But exactly the contrary seems to me to be the truth. So appropriately does the Catholic life meet the needs of our hurrying age that I am sometimes inclined to think that it was created specially for the Twentieth Century. If the factory is synonymous with a highly organized industrial life, then we have more need than ever for the monk.

IN CONCLUSION a parable: we can run up our great skyscrapers story after story because in New York we have a solid rock foundation on which to build. In like manner if we would erect an efficient commercial, industrial and social organization worthy of our time and country, we must discover the rock sufficiently solid and strong to bear so enormous a weight.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



A Child's Complaint

By FREDERICK CORCORAN

My folks are always telling me,
A Little Angel I should be.

But what I cannot understand,
Is why *they* are not angels!—Land!

The way Dad sputters round the house,
Just frightens me, more than a mouse;

An angel? No, he'd never do;
Not any more than brother Lou;

Who's nice except when he is vexed,
Then no one knows what he'll throw next.

Dear Mother is an angel, most,
But when sometimes I burn the toast;

Or fail in such small things, then too,
She gets as cross as brother Lou.

Oh how I wish that there might be,
One angel in the house with me;

For then having a pattern true,
I might become an angel, too.

Daddy Senn Fu's Own

DEAR JUNIORS:

The other day two Bobbies returned home after having been away for over two months. They were a happy pair when they came into my office all excited over their adventures. Why the way they chatted and clamored I could hardly hear myself talk. Each wanted to be the first to tell me all about the trip and the only way I finally succeeded in hearing their stories was by ordering both to be silent and then asking each in turn to speak. Even then they both seemed to think they had the better right to answer first. Just as soon as I called upon one the other would cry out that

he had the first right to speak. Well, to make a long story short I settled the dispute by commanding Bobby Lee to speak and ordering Bobby Lo out of my office.

Bobby Lee is one of our little Chinese Bobbies. He is one of the cutest little fellows you ever did see. He is a twin brother of Bobby Lo, who, by the way, is just as cute. It was not easy for me to make a choice between them. But something had to be done because I wanted to hear their stories so I could tell them to our Juniors.

Bobby Lo was awfully sad when I sent him out of the office. Bobby Lee was just the opposite. He was so happy he started to shout again and again: "Daddy, please listen! Daddy, won't you please let me tell you all about it?"

The door was scarcely closed before Bobby Lee launched forth on his story. He had been all the way to California while Bobby Lo had been to Michigan. I expected two good stories and they were all that I expected when I finally heard both. So here they are beginning with Bobby Lee's adventures.

"Well, Daddy," he began, "the trip out to California was a very long and tedious one. It took me four days and four nights. By the time I reached California I was so stiff I could hardly move. You know, Daddy, the road to California leads through great big prairies. Why you could look for miles over the country and see only a few houses here and there where little families make their homes. Only a few people live in this part of the United States."

JUST THEN both Bobby Lee and I were startled to hear a voice say very quietly as though the owner had been listening to all that was said: "Why Daddy that's just like parts of Michigan where I was." Bobby Lo had sneaked back into my office and had been keeping perfectly quiet so that we never suspected his presence.

"Now that you are here, Bobby Lo," I said, "you may remain if you promise to keep quiet. Your turn will come and then we shall both listen

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to you. So be a good Bobby and do not interrupt us again."

He gave me his promise that he would not have anything to say until I gave him permission. So Bobby Lee continued with his story.

"After we passed over the prairie lands we came to some very high mountains—"

BOBBY LO could not keep his promise. Before Bobby Lee could finish the sentence Bobby Lo called out: "Those were the Rocky Mountains if I remember my geography correctly. Now where I was in Michigan I didn't see a single mountain." I turned to him and told him to be still or else we would have to put him out of the office. So again Bobby Lee continued with his story.

"Once we passed by a tremendous canyon. I heard somebody say that it is two hundred miles long and a mile deep and it certainly looked as big as that to me." Just then I heard Bobby Lo whisper to Bobby Lee: "Say, Lee, that was the Grand Canyon of Arizona you saw. Wish I had seen it."

"Why Daddy," said Bobby Lee, "it made me dizzy just to look down into it. It is simply wonderful and I hope that you get to see it some day. By the way Daddy, did you ever see it before?" "No, Lee," I said, "I never saw it but perhaps some day when I go to China I shall see it because you know that in order to go to China you have to go to either Washington or California. And if we go to China by way of San Francisco, why then I will try to get a look at your Grand Canyon."

"Well, Daddy, when you do go, and I hope you do get the chance, be sure to see the prairies, the mountains and the Grand Canyon. They are really wonderful. But anyway I cannot tell you all about everything I saw on my trip. I reached the home of a little girl called Gertrude tired and weary even though I had enjoyed seeing so many wonderful things on the way.

"When I arrived at Gertrude's house she was not home but her mother gave me a kind welcome and placed me in the parlor right on the mantel where all could see me. But there were not many people coming in for a long time and I began to feel awfully homesick. I began to think about you and all the Bobbies here and I thought about all our Juniors and how they were all working hard to help the poor Missionaries. And then I thought about China and the good priests and Sisters over there. The more I thought the sadder I became. I felt like crying and was just beginning to shed tears when I thought of the

Infant Jesus and how lonesome He was and how hard He had worked for His friends. I felt ashamed of myself for feeling sad and I asked Him to help me be brave even though nobody ever noticed me. After that I felt better and I did not care how I was treated. I offered all up to God for the poor Missionaries in China.

"I must have been all alone for almost two hours when I heard a little girl's voice say: 'Oh mother, did my Bobby come yet?' And in through the back door came a nice little girl. 'Yes,' I heard her mother say, 'he is on the mantel in the parlor.' He has been here a long time and I think he must be very hungry after his long journey from Union City. You better begin feeding him right away. Did you spend all your pennies this afternoon?"

"Gertrude did not stop to answer her mother but just came running into the parlor. She grasped me and hugged me until I thought I could not stand any more of her caresses. Then she told me she had a big surprise for me. 'You see, Bobby,' she said, 'mother gave me money to go to the movies today. But instead of going I played in our yard so that I would have a nice big lunch for you just as soon as you arrived. So you can have it right away. And Bobby I'm going to be very good to you and when you go back to Daddy Senn Fu and tell about your journey you can tell him what a wonderful home I gave you.' Then she gave me a real meal. It was not a lunch at all. It was a banquet."

From the corner of the room there came a low voice: "H'm is that all she gave you. My little friend in Michigan gave me a kiss when I arrived out there. And she gave me a . . ." Bobby Lo was broadcasting again and I had to silence him. At the same time I could not help smiling at him.

"Go on with your story Lee. The Juniors want to know more than that about your trip."

"Then Gertrude picked me up and promised to show me around her home and the grounds around it. She has a lovely home. You should see the trees they have out there. I saw orange and lemon trees, apricot, olive, walnut and peach trees and . . ."

THE IRREPRESSIBLE LO again had something to say: "Oh you were in Southern California where the climate is very mild and where they have little or no frost. Why up in Michigan . . ." "Lo," I commanded, "shut up!" "Daddy," he pleaded, may I ask just one little question?" "Well, what do you want to know?" I asked. "Were the orange trees very big?" "No," an-

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swered Lee, "the orange trees were only about twenty feet high. Gertrude told me much about the orange and lemon trees, how they grow and how often they bear lemons and oranges. But I can't remember all she said. She promised to write a letter to the Juniors telling all about Southern California and I'm sure, Daddy, that you will read it to all the Bobbies before you read it to our SIGN Juniors."

I HEARD a little noise outside my office, and when I went to see what it was all about I found out that it was all caused by a heated argument going on between our old friends, Chubby, Tiny Mite and Smiles. The great subject of the argument was who was going to knock at the door in order to ask permission to come into my office. It ended by all three being admitted on condition that there be no further arguments.

Both Lee and Lo were glad to see them and it was not long before Lo turned to Chubby Professor with the question: "By the way, Chubby, Lee just came back from the orange groves of California and I'll bet you don't know what they call oranges out there, do you?" For once in his life Chubby could not answer. But he did want to know and I suppose he is sorry he ever asked: "What do they call oranges out there, Lo?" "Why, oranges, of course," replied Lo. And of course we all had the laugh on poor Chubby. Poor Chubby is getting old now and he is not as spry as he used to be. Some months ago Chubby would have answered that question by asking another. But Chubby is not such a professor nowadays.

When silence was restored Lee tried to finish his story. "Among other things that Gertrude showed me were twelve orange trees that were only three feet high. They were about six months old. She told me that her father gave her a dollar every week for taking particular care of these. And she gave most of that dollar to the Missions. 'You see, Bobby,' she said, 'these trees must have plenty of water during the hot summer months. There is no rain here from the first week in June until the month of October. So we have to carry the water to each tree. And besides I have to watch out for gophers that destroy the trees. A gopher is an animal somewhat like a rat, only it is larger. There are lots of them way up in the State of Minnesota and that is why they call that State the Gopher State. These gophers live most of the time under the ground and come to the surface once in a while for air and grass.'

"Gertrude had a dog with her when we went to

the orange grove. And while we were talking the airedale gave a low growl and there before our eyes a gopher appeared above the ground. He was only a few yards away and before we knew it the dog had the gopher by the neck and was shaking the life out of it.

"Gertrude was pleased with her dog and patted him on the head and rubbed his ears. You know every dog likes that and Gertrude's airedale was no exception to the rule. She told me that her daddy gave her fifty cents for every gopher she and her dog captured. 'You see, Bobby, these gophers do much harm to the orange trees. One day daddy and I were walking among the orange trees when he pointed to a tree that a few days before had been covered with orange blossoms. Its leaves were now all turned brown and withered and it appeared to be dead. He asked me if I knew what had killed the tree and I told him I didn't but I thought it might have been a gopher. He told me that it was a gopher silently working under the ground day after day and ruining the roots of the tree. Of course nobody could see it do this. And I remember that daddy told me it was just in that way that good characters are sometimes destroyed. A bad habit is allowed to remain in the heart where nobody sees it until it finally kills the goodness in that heart. And the one bad habit that is most dangerous is selfishness.'"

"Well, Lee," I said, "did you listen to all that preaching without falling asleep? You seem to remember that little sermon very well."

"DADDY," he said, "if you knew Gertrude you could not fall asleep when she is talking to you. She is one of the most unselfish girls I have ever known. Why she always gives to the Missions the half-dollars she gets for gophers. She often saves her movie money just for the priests in China. Oh, she is so kind! I was awfully happy while I was with her. Of course, I am glad to be here again with all the Bobbies but I would be glad to go out to Gertrude's house again. Gertrude is so unselfish, she thinks of the Missions so much, why any good Bobby would be happy to be with her."

"H'm! The little girl in Michigan gave me all her candy money besides all her movie money and I'm sure she was more unselfish than Gertrude and . . ." Bobby Lo got no further. "Bobby Lo," I said to him rather crossly, "where are your manners today?"

"I guess he left them out in Michigan, Daddy," laughed Tiny Mite.

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"That's exactly what he's done," I agreed. "But I think you better all be off to bed. Next month we will listen to Bobby Lo tell about his experiences up in Michigan, but for this month I think we have heard enough."

All seemed happy and joyful over the return of Bobby Lee and Bobby Lo and off they scampered meantime shouting a thousand and one questions at the new arrivals.

So, Juniors, be sure to read all about Bobby Lo's trip to Michigan in next month's issue of THE SIGN. Bobby Lo has some wonderful things to tell you about Michigan and his work up there for the Missions in China.

Daddy would be pleased to hear from all the Juniors and to know how you like Bobby Lee's adventures in California. During Lent be sure to save your pennies for the Missions and try to be good to the little Bobby who is visiting you. May God bless you all, Juniors, and may you always be happy.

Your friend,
DADDY SENN FU.

Our Junior Poets

The following verses have been written by some of our most faithful Juniors. Daddy wonders why so many other Juniors did not try a hand at composing a little poem. Now suppose you all try to send Daddy a poem next month. It must not be more than four lines and must mention at least two of our old Bobby friends by name. Get busy Juniors and if you send Daddy the poem he will pick out the best ones and print them here so that all your friends may read them.

Benny Bobby sat upon a shelf,
That leaned against the wall,
And always tried to praise himself,
Which wasn't right at all.

—THOMAS GARRITY.

I love my teacher,
I love you too,
And I think that all,
The Bobbies are true.

—ALEX. OBOYTEK.

Your Bobbies are all fine and good,
No faults have they, dear Dad Senn Fu,
If I were one, I would go on a mission,
And from you I'd ask no commission.

—EVELYN GEITZENAUER.

We have a lot of 'rithmetic,
A lot of grammar too.
But we put our books away in desks,
Whenever we hear from you.

We think "Old Timers" were very right,
When they called your story good,
And I think it tempts a little girl,
When she sees such jars of food.

—CHRISTOPHER O'CONNOR.

There was a girl named Helen,
With the Bobbies she wanted to be,
So she got a box and jumped into it,
And is a Bobby herself, you see.

—HELEN O'HARA.

Smiles is a smiling Bobbie,
Rhymes are Benny's hobby.
Chubby is the questioner,
But Tiny is the gig-el-ler.

—RITA FEARNES.

There was a boy named Smiles,
And he was full of glee,
But oh! He ate a lemon,
And he no longer smiles.

—MARGARET STAPELTON.

Benny Bobby is so smart,
While Smiles is just a lark,
But Tiny always acts the part,
And Chubby shoots the dart.

—MARY H. ELLIOTT.

Junior Louis Samra also sent a poem but Louis, you forgot to rhyme the last line. Next time you'll do better, won't you Louis. And be sure to have the paper cut nicely.

Mary MacDonald asks for two Bobbies. That's a big order Mary! I hope both you and your brother treat the Bobbies very kindly. God be good to you, Mary.

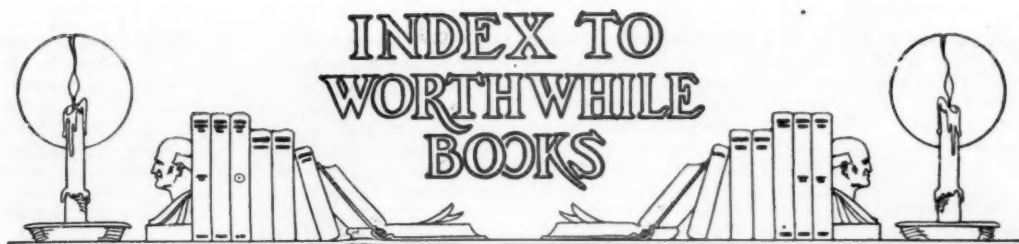
Edward Mitchell, Daddy was pleased to receive your letter. But I think you can do better, Edward. Try harder the next time.

Henry Craig, Anna Marie Nichols, Mary Gorman, Eleanor Stapleton, Richard Walmsley, John Romeo, Kathleen McKenna, Margaret Callahan, Rita Rohloff, Catherine Rushton, Noscary Betar, Catherine Collins, and a few more wrote me nice letters. Thanks, Juniors, and write again.

Thomas Quinlan wants to know why Daddy always writes about girls. Thomas, why not try to be one of the good boys about whom I could write? Your letter shows that you have the ability to think but perhaps you do not know that the boys seldom write to Daddy. The girls always have something to say. Why not the boys also? The poem you wrote was not very original, Thomas. Can't you do better? Try again.

Marie Cusick, your letter is very good but I think you write too quickly. Write more slowly next time, Marie, and then Daddy will be able to read all that you write. Your poem is among the best I received and just so the other Juniors may read it, here it is:

Benny is a poet true,
Tiny is a good one too,
But don't leave out the other two,
Chubby and Smiles are true blue.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

WHAT CATHOLICS BELIEVE. By Ronald Knox. Harper Brothers, New York. Price: \$2.00.

We welcome the appearance of this truly wonderful book which satisfies in an extraordinary manner the almost universal craving today to know what this mysterious Catholic Church teaches. As a matter of fact there are men in every walk of life who have no leanings towards the Catholic Church—nay, who have even strong prejudices against her—and yet they feel the urge of strange curiosity to know what she has to say for herself. They see her persecuted and yet ever vigorous, hated and yet sweetly attractive, severe and yet so indulgent, caluminated as idolatrous and yet extolled as the holy Bride of Christ. Her doctrines are dark as the catacombs in which once she lived, yet clear and open to the world as a sunlit city on a mountain top. All this provokes curiosity, and after the "Faith of our Fathers" by Cardinal Gibbons we know of no book more satisfying than "The Belief of Catholics" by Father Ronald Knox. In fact whether as an introduction to, or a complement of the "Faith of our Fathers," this work of Father Knox might most aptly be considered a companion volume.

In the first chapter the author calls attention to the growing distaste for religion among the various sects in England and with an accuracy that is at least plausible hunts it down to its causes. Popular education, antagonistic newspaper culture, growing materialism and the ever-increasing craving for pleasure so catered to by modern inventions. "A rush age," says Father Knox, "cannot be a reflective age."

Again and, strange to say, the pulpits furnish a pregnant cause for the emptiness of the pew. The preachers have been so paring down religion to suit the opinions of the age, they have so thrown overboard one Christian truth after another to gratify popular clamor, that the commonsense citizen decides to chuck the whole matter "as long as the parsons do not know their own business. Let the Churches make up their own mind what they believe and then come and tell me." Says Father Knox: "The disagreements between sect and sect are more not less disedifying when either side hastens to explain that the disagreement is over externals rather than essentials."

Over against this decline the author sets the steady growth of the Catholic Church and the reasons for this growth. "The instinct for beauty, the instinct for mystery, the instinct for naturalness, the instinct for history, the instinct for world-wide citizenship, the instinct for moral guidance and intellectual definiteness—all these, or any of these, make a man look towards the Catholic Church, if not with less reprobation at least with more interest; if not with less

ignorance at least with more curiosity. Some wish they could become Catholics; some wish they had been born Catholics; some content themselves with saying it must be very nice to be a Catholic. If they could only tell the first lie (as someone has put it) how easily all the rest would follow!"

The chapter on "Telling the First Lie" is not only illuminating but refreshing. Father Knox turns the tables on Protestantism and shows how reason, or as it is called "private judgment," has a necessary and most important place in Catholic theology. "It is Catholicism which insists that the intellect must be satisfied first and the heart afterwards." The Catholic Church asks no convert to take a leap in the dark.

Then follow the chapters happily setting forth the chain of argument in which the author proves the existence of God, the true notion of God, the fact of a revelation, the divinity of Jesus Christ, the divine origin of the Catholic Church, the truths Catholics hold, the rules they obey, and the sources of that divine strength which makes the observance of the Law, in itself so rigorous, a sweet yoke and a light burden for Catholics.

The chapter dealing with the salvation of those outside the Catholic Church merits especial attention. That such people are saved by reason of their invincible ignorance is an admitted truth, but "the man who thinks 'there may be something in it' (the Catholic Church) yet makes no effort to find out how much, is actuated not by invincible but by supine ignorance."

In the last chapter, "Catholicism and the Future," the author hits the high spots of eloquence as of truth. He shows how the Church is concerned with the individual soul as a single unit, rather than with the fortunes of a class or of mankind in general. The Church's chief mission is to persuade a man that it will profit him nothing to gain the whole world or improve the whole world if he suffer the loss of his own soul. This is why our Anglican friends who foolishly dream of "corporate re-union" with Rome, are advised first to get into the Bark of Peter themselves and then beckon to their partners who are in the other ship.

We welcome Father Knox as a champion of singular skill and strength in the field of Catholic apologetics. "The Belief of Catholics" must have a powerful appeal not alone to the educated reader but to the reader of ordinary intelligence, and, in the case of a non-Catholic, its perusal must leave him enlightened even if not convinced.

THE WHITE HARVEST. A Symposium of Methods of Convert Making. Edited by Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price: \$3.50.

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A perusal of this volume begets an added feeling of creepy dread of the words to be spoken at the great Judgment Day: "For I was hungry, and you gave me not to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me not to drink." They have special significance for the ministers of the word to whom He said: "In this is My Father glorified that you bring forth very much fruit . . . You have not chosen Me; but I have chosen you and have appointed you that you should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain . . ." "Less than two converts per priest in the course of an entire year" is not "very much fruit." There is something out of gear in the machinery of the great Church in these United States, to make such a condition possible.

Twelve expert convert-makers contributed to a Symposium. One of these and his companions on missions for the period 1898-1925, harvested six thousand and twenty-two converts, or 223+ annually! Why cannot all lessen the difference between two hundred and twenty-three and less than two per annum? It would seem cruel to charge it to indifference. Lack of professional training in methods is a more likely cause. That it should have been so is unfortunate, to continue the neglect would be suicidal. For every one to work up a method of his own is more or less unavoidable; but to leave it all to individual experimentation entails a waste of time and energy, and may end in failure. An explanation apparently suggested by the Apostle should not be minimized: "And God indeed hath set some in the Church; first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly doctors; after that miracles; then the graces of healings, helps, governments, kinds of tongues, interpretations of speeches. Are all apostles? Are all proph-

ets? Are all doctors . . . ?" Hence, does it seem quite reasonable to expect every priest to have to his credit a large number of converts, or to be too strenuous in placing in juxtaposition the number of 35,000 converts for 1927 and the number of 23,967 priests for the same year. Many simply must be intensely busy with the material sheepfold, many more with the sheep in the fold. But after all possible excuses have been made, the conviction persists that not all is as it should be in Israel.

Priests will find "The White Harvest" a startling program for very intelligent self-examination, and reading it should make the laity realize that there is much for them to do in making converts. It is not at all inopportune to ask: Have the lay members of the Church done their part? Are they not largely to blame for the low average of less than two converts for each priest? "The White Harvest" will enable them to answer these questions.

The authors of the Symposium are masters in the divine art of convert-making. They treat it from every angle, not as theorists but as experts who have learned thoroughly in the excellent school of experience. Their presentation of this attractive ministry leaves open the way to adaptation of methods to individual initiative. All of them, however, stress three indispensable attributes of the successful convert-maker: the ability to grasp the prospective convert's view-point; the easy ability to present the Catholic position in a manner to meet such view-point; and above all a superabundance of the charity of Christ which enables one to be a cultured Catholic gentleman whatever the provocation to the contrary. Sluggers are doomed to failure.

FOR GOD AND SOULS

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The Mission Situation in China

As Reflected in Letters of Our Missionaries

Paotsing

By RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.

WHILE WE are having peace in these parts at present, war is going on down below us and it is making itself felt here in many ways. This is true especially with regard to the merchants in town. When there is no business, there is no ready money. Without money we have a hard time to keep things going. We have seventy living here at this Mission and you can imagine what a worry it is to be without sufficient funds. However, it could be worse. I am not discouraged. The sun will shine again and, please God, very soon.

We had a most happy Christmas in every way. Our largest number thus far in our history were in from the out-stations regardless of the fact that three of the stations were served from Wangstun for the feast. We had nine baptisms, bringing the total baptized since August to the number of eighteen. We also had two confirmations today and one marriage.

My larger boys built for Christmas one of the nicest cribs I have ever seen. It took

them a week to build it but it was well worth the time spent. The stable is built on a mountain side with a typical Chinese foot-path leading up to it. There is also a mountain stream and across it a small bridge. Every-



A BANDIT SOLDIER

thing about the crib was so realistic that it most naturally brought home to the Chinese what the first Christmas was like. You may be sure we did not forget our good benefactors in our prayers and Masses on Christmas day. May God bless them for all their kindness to me. I am always in need and always begging. But, then, it is all for the great Cause and I know the sacrifice my friends make in sending me donations is more than repaid in the happiness they must have in knowing that they are making possible such good work for souls.

Koatsun

By ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, C.P.

THE PAST year was certainly a record breaker. We never knew what was coming next. A year ago I was here in Kaotsun when our Rt. Rev. Monsignor Dominic, C.P., and the Sisters of St. Joseph passed through on their way to Yuanchow. This Mission at Kaotsun is considered as a sub-mission of our Mission at Yuanchow even though we are a hard two days' journey distant. At that time I did

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ONLY A FEW OF THE SISTER'S DARLINGS AT PASSIONIST HEADQUARTERS, SHENCHOW

not expect to return to Yuanchow, but the Monsignor informed me that upon reaching Yuanchow we would have our annual retreat and that, therefore, I should leave for that Mission.

I packed up a few things for the journey and joined his party enroute for Yuanchow. I never dreamed that I would be absent so long, so I merely locked up the Mission and left everything in place as usual. I had scarcely reached Yuanchow when circumstances changed. The Revolutionists started to turn everything upside down and it became necessary for us to call off the retreat. Conditions continued to grow more alarming. I asked permission to return to Kaotsun, knowing full well how much I was needed there. But if I was needed in Kieniang and after a consultation the Monsignor instructed me to set out for Kieniang without further delay. Father Clement and Father Quentin are stationed at that Mission and as Father Quentin had been appointed to accompany the Sisters of St. Joseph on their ever-memorable journey into exile, Father Clement was left all

alone. What happened after my arrival at Kieniang I think the readers of *THE SIGN* already know. It would take a book to do the subject justice. Thanks be to God we finally came through all our trials safely. I know how many prayers and Masses were offered by our good friends in America and I realize that it was largely due to this charity that we are alive today. Those were, indeed, heart-rending days. Only a Missionary who has passed through such an experience could adequately appreciate the sadness we felt at leaving our beloved Christians. The memory of that unhappy parting will remain with me as long as I live.

Once Father Quentin had returned to Kieniang I immediately returned to my own little Mission here at Kaotsun. What a sight met my eyes! Soldiers had been quartered here! There was not a door or a window left in the building. Even the flooring had been ruthlessly torn up by these vandals and at different places new exits and entrances had been driven through the walls.

Where were all the furnishings, my trunks, clothes, church vestments, etc.? Gone! Every-

thing lost! It was certainly a great shock even though I expected to find some damage. However, it is all over now and step by step I am beginning to replace all that was lost. The damages to the building are being repaired and with God's help we will soon be carrying on the work as usual.

The Kaotsun Mission itself is very small and not as important to me as a Mission I have some nine miles from here. The people there are all country folk, a simple, peasant class. They are a real joy and consolation. I would gladly take up residence down there but it is still considered unsafe for a Missionary. The name of the place down there is Lani and, as many of the readers of *THE SIGN* may recall, it was near that place that I was held captive over a year ago. On one of my trips down there I lived in the house of one of the Christians who dwell on the mountain top. Our own Mission is far from being fit to live in during a rain storm.

Recently I had to make a trip down to Chenki in order to secure some supplies. Chenki is about thirty miles from here and may be reached by water. My

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server and I boarded a boat at daybreak but at dusk that evening we were still seven miles from Chenki. I did not relish the idea of staying on the boat all night and, as it was only four miles overland to Chenki, I called my server and together we set out by land. It would have amused you to see the commotion we caused in some of the villages through which we passed. At many places children were playing along the roadside and did not notice our approach until we were beside them. Then, seeing the man with the beard they ran for shelter screaming all the while. I bet those people will never forget me and will never cease talking about the night a devil with whiskers passed through their midst!

When we finally arrived at Chenki Mission Father Cyprian was not expecting us and we had to pound on his door for a long time before we finally succeeded in getting in. He was overjoyed to see me and lost no time in extending his best hospitality. I would have been happy to stay with him for some time. But just as soon as I had made arrangements for my supplies I made plans for the return trip. This time I sent my bedding, etc., by boat and I, myself, set out overland by mule. I borrowed Father Cyprian's mule so,

in order to return it, I had to take his server along with me so that he could bring the mule back.

Well, these are just a few jottings from Kaotsun. I trust that all our friends continue to pray hard for us. The war clouds have not all disappeared. At any time we may again undergo a repetition of our 1927 exile. In China circumstances of even the greatest import change over night. We need prayers. Should any of the readers of *THE SIGN* be kind enough to help me build a better residence for the Missionary of Lani, I shall be deeply grateful. It is a good work and one which will gain God's blessing for all those who help.

Chungking

By BASIL BAUER, C.P.

MANY OF our good readers will recall that Father Anthony Maloney, C.P., described his experiences while traveling from the City of Kweiyang in Kweichow to the City of Chungking in Szechuan. It was in the latter city that good Sister Clarissa was called to her eternal reward. It was in the former city that the Missionaries had hoped to find final refuge from the Revolutionary soldiers. While temporary safety was assured it was deemed advisable to travel

further and, if possible, gradually reach the coast by way of Hankow. In this attempt they succeeded but only after weeks of untold hardship. In the following account we have the experiences of another band of Passionist refugees, who followed closely upon the first band. Father Basil writes:

It has been quite a while since I have written anything to the readers of *THE SIGN*, not for want of matter about which to write, but rather for want of time. To one who had recently arrived in China the trip from Kweiyang to Chungking would, undoubtedly, be altogether novel. But to one living in China for some years the novelty has been worn off.

The following account of our trip could be equally well applied to any trip made in our district. Traveling in China is all the same. In the present instance it was like an ordinary day of traveling lengthened into weeks. Day by day it was the same. The scenery changed from time to time. The people, the roads, the crops—the same. A possible exception could be allowed with regard to crops in that the cultivation of the opium poppy increased as we traveled further from Huanan.

To write up an account of our trip with any amount of accuracy



ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE OCCIDENTALIZATION OF CHINA

THE † SIGN



THE BABY ORPHANS AT OUR SHENCHOW MISSION

and interest demands a very good memory or the use of a faithfully kept diary. I fear that I lack both. I will try, however, to recall a few interesting incidents.

Accompanying me on this trip were Fathers Jeremiah and Terence and Brother Lambert. The Monsignor and Father Anthony with the Sisters of St. Joseph covered the same road but at another time. Father Agatho remained in Kweiyang while recuperating from an attack of Kweichow Fever and Father Constantine remained with him as his nurse.

Our days on the road were much alike. Each morning we rose at five, rolled up our bedding (for each carried his own bed), got our chairs in readiness and then had coffee. Meantime our carriers would take their morning smoke of opium. By six o'clock we would be off. After an hour or two there would be a short stop for rest. Those who wanted breakfast would buy a bowl of rice and an egg or two, where eggs were to be had. If not, rice alone had to suffice. In

less than a half hour we would be again on the road. When we had covered approximately four miles there would be another halt. More opium for the carriers, more searching for something to eat and again we were off. And thus the day passed. Each day we would cover from twenty to twenty-five miles. Days spent in traveling over the mountains we advanced far less. I remember that on one occasion we covered scarcely fifteen miles after an exceptionally hard day's travel. There would always be from five to eight stops throughout a day. Usually the final stop was made between five and six in the evening. It happened to be peach season and we would be constantly on the lookout for peaches. This fruit was one of the main items that helped make our trip bearable.

At the close of a day we would immediately search for a place where we could lodge for the night. Sometimes we found ourselves in a fairly large-sized town. At other times we halted in places that could boast a scant ten or fifteen houses. Almost

every place, however, had two or three hotels. It was my duty to go around and find the best of these.

To fully appreciate these "hotels" one must have seen them and spent the night in one of them. It would take an artist to fittingly describe them. To begin at the bottom, most of them have dirt floors. The rooms are of various sizes, some containing two or three or four beds, one table and, often enough, no table at all. The majority of these rooms are large enough for the bed or beds and a person to stand in. The beds were wooden horses and a few boards. One had to be careful about placing the boards properly or one might find oneself on the floor. The walls are made of mud or of interwoven bamboo filled with clay. In only a few cases were the walls composed of boards. Practically all had at least one window although I did see some that had none. A few glass tiles let in enough light to keep one from stumbling over a bed.

Each hotel had four or more rooms. Usually the best room was the one next to the pig pen. And when one remembers that the Chinese idea of a wall is primarily to keep others "bodily" out of a room, you can easily imagine that we enjoyed these hotels to the limit! The interior walls are about seven feet high and the entire building has one ceiling made of tiles, so that smoke, soot, rain, etc., come down from above!

After selecting the best hotel and the best room of that hotel, we would unroll our bedding and then wait for supper. The Chinaman, who accompanied us, acted as guide, cook, *factotum*, etc. It was up to him to buy whatever eatables he could, cook them and serve them.

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Meat was very scarce. Usually the meal consisted of rice, eggs, greens, bean curds and peaches. This was the only meal of the day for at other times we snatched a bite where and when we could.

The days became monotonous in their sameness. When the road was level we rode in the chairs. When we reached a hill we walked up and down. The last days of this journey seemed to be all mountains. We walked the major part of the way.

All our carriers smoked opium. They claimed that if they did not smoke opium they would have been too weak to carry anything. This is the truth as I have had proven to me. Once a man forms the habit his whole strength depends upon this artificial nerve stimulant. On the road from Kweiyang to Chungking there are about two opium dens to every five houses. Secrecy is neither needed nor wanted. Almost everybody smokes opium around this territory. Time and again I have seen a man and a woman smoking opium on the same bed. The opium bed is about as wide as an ordinary double bed, though not so long. The little opium lamp is placed in the middle, towards the back. A man will be on each side, their knees bent up, and facing the lamp. Each waits for the

other. One smokes while the other waits. Then one dreams while the other smokes. Once I saw a mother smoking opium while her babe was suckling at her breast. Is it any wonder that these people can do no work without opium?

One morning a lad of nine or ten was selling rice-flour cakes. He came to us while we were taking our morning coffee. Father Jeremiah asked him if he smoked opium. "Sure I do," came the reply. "How often?" "Twice a day, morning and evening." Father Jeremiah told him he better leave it alone as it would injure his health. The lad came back with this startling answer: "If I don't smoke opium, I cannot walk."

One of our carriers was a novice at the pipe. He smoked every chance he got and that was seven or eight times a day and almost all night. The craving was so bad that he could not get enough through the pipe so he started to eat two pills. In a few minutes he lost his breakfast. At the next stop he took more rice and lost that when he again ate opium. His stomach refused to keep anything down. All that day he could retain no food. After that experience he went three days before attempting to eat it again. Then overpowered by the craving he ate a

couple of pills with the same result.

I also noticed another queer effect that opium seems to produce in people of that region. Almost a third part of the inhabitants have cross-eyes. Whether this is due solely to opium I was unable to verify but the fact remains. Children of one, two and three years lose their beauty because of this deformity. Some have it in greater and some in lesser degree. It makes one sad to see all these people addicted to this drug as a result of their conviction that there is nothing harmful or wrong in using it. To stamp out this vice will take many years. It will require the aid of the military in preventing the planting and cultivation of the poppy. How this can ever be done is a mystery. The military are the greatest users and derive the greatest income from its sale!

The route we traversed was one of the main roads from Kweiyang to the outside world. Kweiyang has no river. All its merchandise must be carried over the mountains on the shoulders of men or on the backs of horses and mules over a distance of three hundred miles requiring from fifteen to thirty days of travel. All the salt used in the Province of Kweichow



STREET SCENES IN THE MODERN SECTION OF SHANGHAI

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A MISSION MISCELLANY, SHENCHOW, OCTOBER, 1927

comes from the Province of Szechuan. The salt carriers pack a load weighing from one hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds. Each one carries with him a one-legged stool on which the pack may be rested about every three hundred feet. Going up mountains they would rest every dozen steps. Slow progress but sure, and with it came good pay.

The road is not a road as it is understood in the States. It is rather a path ranging in width from 18 inches to three feet. In the distant past stones were laid along these paths to make walking easier. These stones were not flag-stones, but boulders taken from the river bed, round stones, pointed stones, all but level stones, of every imaginable shape and form. To attempt to ride a bicycle over them would be impossible.

The Governor of Kweichow started to build an imitation

boulevard from the capital, Kweiyang, to the four bordering provinces. Two Chinamen who have studied engineering in the States, are engineering this work. One of the strangest things to come under my notice regarding the road being built is the way in which the Chinese have disregarded the graves of the dead. If the road was surveyed over a grave, the grave had to go. Formerly the road would have had to make room for the grave. Many places I saw coffins sticking half way out of an embankment. In several places coffins had been cut in half and bones would be projecting from the embankments. Strange to say there had been no outcry against all this! Had a foreigner been in charge, every one would have been up in arms. As it is, no protest is made.

Just lately we heard that there are two automobiles in Kweiyang! They were carried piece by piece over the mountains from Indo-China! It took the better part of two months to bring them up on the backs of coolies. And all the gasoline will have to be

transported over the same route and in the same way! China is waking up slowly but surely. God hasten the day.

Father Jeremiah and I are now back again in our Mission. The days of that trying journey are long passed. Memories remain, however, memories that a lifetime could never erase from our minds. They were days of uncertainty, days of anxiety, days of trial but, let us hope, above all blessed days during which we gained ever increasing graces for ourselves and for our Christians here in China.

Our Christians were glad to see us again and we were no less glad to see them again. Our Mission activities are somewhat handicapped for want of money. The merchants are slow to take our checks because the country is still unsettled. They are still afraid to buy stocks for their stores, fearing that they will be robbed by bandits on the way to Yungshun. Our schools are still closed though we hope to open them in the course of time. During the revolution more harm was done than is apparent at first sight. Just how long it will take us to get our Mission in full swing, only God in Heaven knows. I trust that all our good friends will help to hasten that event with their prayers to God for us. If you can assist us in a financial way by sending us a donation, we will deeply appreciate your kindness and the Lord will bless you. If you could only see, with your own eyes, the great work that awaits us I am sure that everyone who reads this would gladly make some little sacrifice in order to have a share in it.



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Notes from an Old Diary

(Cont. from February issue.)

By RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.

December 20th. On the road again as usual, just as soon as dawn arrived. As the country through which we were passing was mountainous I walked more than I rode these days. This was done not because the men could not carry me, but fighting as I was against time, I had to cover the most distance in the briefest possible time. This day we reached Soli around 8 P. M. We had covered about thirty miles. The public inns were all crowded. Hence it was impossible for us to find accommodations for the night in these crowded "hotels." It began to look as though I would have to sleep in the open that night. I had all but abandoned hope of securing a lodging house, when a soldier appeared on the scene, who, hearing my voice, recognized me as the Senn Fu from Paotsing. He asked me how long I had been stationed at Paotsing. I told him over four years. "Oh," he exclaimed, "you are the friend of our General." With that he disappeared. In a few minutes he returned with the welcome news that he had secured a place for me in a private house. He immediately got busy and helped to prepare the supper for me.

Whilst I was eating supper in came the soldier's wife. She had been one of the refugees taken in at my Mission two years previous, when the Szechuan General, Shiung Kei-Wu invaded Hunan. Nothing is truer than one good turn deserves another. Tonight I was receiving some recognition of the kindness I had shown two years before! It all came to me as a great surprise but none the less welcome at this

time. Word soon spread through the town that I was there and by 11 P. M. the mother of my Paotsing catechist had arrived with entreaties to spend the time at her home. When I explained that this was now impossible she went off and in a half hour returned with a chicken and a basket of pears. By the time all my visitors had departed it was well past midnight.

December 21st. Early today we hit the trail. We are now in the Miao district. From the amount of curiosity I excited in the people I must be the first foreigner they have ever seen. When we stopped at noon at a Miao restaurant for our breakfast I could have made the expenses of my trip had I charged the curious mob a few coppers each to have a "look see" at this foreigner with such a long beard, etc. Of course I enjoyed the whole show as much as they did and I was glad to give them a one ring circus free of charge.

At five o'clock we reached the Miao village of Ya-ma-tsai. Here we decided to put up for the night. It was at a Miao

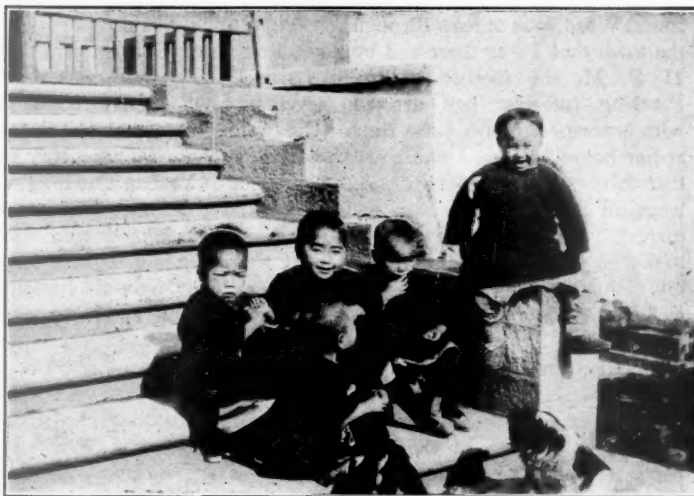
hotel in this place that I had my first experience in this line of travel. Our room was about seven feet long by five feet wide. The walls were made of interwoven bamboo. There was no door and the kitchen was in front of us, the goats to our left, the pigs behind us and on the right were the other inhabitants of the "hotel." They were all huddled together on some straw mats on the floor.

My attention was called to a little chap about six years old, who asked me to buy him something to eat. He had little or no clothes on and was so black that the dirt made him look like a Negro more than like the Miao he actually was. I asked him when he had last washed his face. He said it was so long ago that he could not remember. I inquired about his father and mother and other relatives. He was an orphan and had absolutely no one to look after him. I asked him if he wanted to come along with me to Paotsing. He answered: "Gladly." So we got a good meal for the little Miao fellow whose name was Yang.



CHRISTIANS BELONGING TO OUR MISSION AT KIENYANG

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WELL CARED FOR BY CATHOLIC GENEROSITY

December 22nd. Arose early and on calling for our little Yang I was surprised to find him rising up out of an empty rice barrel. I found out that this was his regular bed—a rather unusual one, surely!

The road today was very rough. It was up one mountain and down another. As my little Miao was too small to do much walking, I made him ride in my "chair" and I walked the whole distance. We covered over twenty-three miles today before reaching Yungsui. The fact of this little beggar being carried in a chair borne by four men, has given rise to two different myths among the Miao people in the Yungsui district and in Paotsing and Yungshunfu. I found out that one of these is that I use this little beggar to find hidden treasures. The second is that I recognized in this little chap a future king—hence the honor I show him by allowing him to ride in my "jowdza!" I might mention that this second myth has resulted in Yang being nick-named "Wang" (meaning king) by the rest of the Mission boys.

Looking at this incident in a

spiritual way I might say that there is a lot of truth in both these myths. First, by taking this little, abandoned waif I hope to find treasures for my own soul; and, secondly, looking at this little soul saved for Christ Crucified, he is, indeed, more to me than any earthly king.

At noon, today, we reached Gai Tsai Mountain, the highest mountain I have yet climbed, though I have ascended some very high mountains in the Yungshunfu and Paotsing territory. This mountain is supposed to be about thirty li high, that is about ten miles! At any rate it took us several hours to reach its summit. Unlike other mountains I have seen in Hunan, the path is only a few feet wide and is on the edge of a perilous precipice several thousand feet deep. I can now well understand how this part of our territory is so immune to invasions. A few men could keep off a large army by simply rolling boulders down this mountain side. In fact this is why the Szechuan Army, two years ago, and the Kweichow Troops last year, were unable to get beyond Gai Tsai

Mountain. The Szechuan Army attempted the feat but paid for their rashness by the loss of several thousand lives.

These December days being so short, darkness overtook us when we were as yet five miles from Yungsui. We had been unable to secure oil for our lantern. Now we had to do the best we could to get along without a light by stumbling along in the dark. Had I been left to myself I would have had to stay right where I was for I was, indeed, as a blind man. We were still in the mountains and I could not see a pace ahead of me. I called to one of my bearers to lead me by the hand. He took my hand and I followed him. He would say to me "step up" or "step down" and I had to follow his every command if I did not want to go over the side of the mountain. It was like jumping into space.

After two hours of this trying experience we came to a hut. Here we stopped, I, for a cup of tea and a few boiled sweet potatoes, while my guide made a torch out of some bamboo and went after the rest of the party. In half an hour they all reached the hut and all were treated to a meal of sweet potatoes and tea. Then by means of our improvised torch we made our way into Yungsui in less than half an hour.

Nobody could have been more surprised or more happy at seeing me than was Father Theophane. He could hardly convince himself it was not all a dream. He had never thought of my returning to Paotsing by way of Yungsui. He soon had a good meal ready for me and, believe me, I did justice to it. Besides putting on some weight in Hankow I had also acquired a new stomach with a big appetite. No! No more eats for me.

That evening we had a long

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chat. It took a long time for Father Theophane to realize that I was actually with him in Yungtsui. The evening was most pleasant and we might well have talked till morning had it not been necessary for me to start out early again for the final lap of my journey.

December 23rd. After Mass I made ready to continue on to Paotsing. Father Theophane gave me one grand send off. His boys escorted me through the city and several miles beyond all the while shooting off fire crackers.

My plan was to surprise Father Anthony who had been supplying my place during my absence. I looked forward to a real surprise for the Christians by taking them unawares. But Father Theophane, unbeknown to me, had sent a messenger on to Paotsing. It was, therefore, my turn to receive a surprise. All the Paotsing Christians suddenly appeared on the road some five miles outside of the city. They escorted me in regular parade formation, carrying the Chinese flags and the school flag of green, white and orange (the Irish colors), amidst the blowing of bugles and shooting of fire-crackers. When just outside the

city gate I could hear my two church bells ringing out their glad peals of welcome. It would be impossible for me to describe the glad welcome given me by Father Anthony and the sentiments that filled my own heart at being once more with my dear Chinese Christians. I had planned to make Paotsing for Christmas and I made it. It would not have been Christmas for us were I away from my little ones. That I made such good time, that I had no trouble on the way, I attribute to Saint Raphael the Guide of Travelers and to the Little Flower of Jesus, Patron of Foreign Missionaries. On leaving Hankow I told these heavenly Patrons what I wanted and I daily renewed my petition. And now that this desire of my heart has been granted to the full measure of my wish, I want to make it known to others as a sort of thanksgiving and appreciation for the wonderful care and protection they afforded me.

Christmas was for me a day of supreme happiness. It was a real, old-time Christmas for the packages and letters from my good American friends were awaiting me in Paotsing. Nor did I forget my good friends on Christmas. One of my three

Masses was offered for them and for all their intentions.

Before closing I wish to thank again all those who so generously answered Father Silvan's Fire Appeal. I appreciate more than I can well express in any poor words of mine the charity and kindness of my good friends and THE SIGN readers. May God bless and reward them all a thousand fold! This will be my daily prayer for them in Holy Mass.

Gemma's League

An Association of Prayers and Good Works

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|
| Masses Said | 12 |
| Masses Heard | 46,129 |
| Holy Communion | 28,851 |
| Visits to Blessed Sacrament | 71,984 |
| Spiritual Communion | 160,584 |
| Benediction Services | 11,356 |
| Sacrifices, Sufferings | 126,970 |
| Stations of the Cross | 18,462 |
| Visits to the Crucifix | 70,400 |
| Beads of the Five Wounds | 314,885 |
| Offerings of Precious Blood | 497,482 |
| Visits to Our Lady | 53,363 |
| Rosaries | 46,901 |
| Beads of the Seven Dolors | 9,389 |
| Ejaculatory Prayers | 4,867,044 |
| Hours of Study, Reading | 64,640 |
| Hours of Labor | 86,115 |
| Acts of Kindness, Charity | 71,403 |
| Acts of Zeal | 74,649 |
| Prayers, Devotions | 735,893 |
| Hours of Silence | 53,058 |
| Various Works | 407,746 |
| Holy Hours | 263 |

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. EDWARD KEAN
SISTER AQUINATA
RYAN
JOHN B. CONWAY
JOHN JENNINGS
MARY EAGAN
WILLIAM G. INTERTHAL
MARY J. CLEMENT
THOMAS CROSS
JAMES FRANCIS FINN
BRIDGET JENNINGS
EDWARD CONWAY
M. DEININGER
WINNIFRED LANNON

F. J. O'HARA
MRS. A. WHALEN
MARY JENNINGS
NEIL McCAMBRIDGE
MARGARET ALLEN
A. McKINNEY
KATHERINE M. BUTLER
JAMES McJUNKIN
EDWARD JENNINGS
CORNELIUS MORAN
SARAH CROSSON
ANNA DUNN
EDWARD McGOURTY
MADELINE COGAN
MANTON
J. MURPHY
EMMET BURG
MARGARET A. GRIFFIN
EMMA L. FOLKART
MARGARET MANGAN
ANNA McGOURTY
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
ANNIE MARIE WALSH

SARA CANNING
HARRIET COONS
MRS. MATHEW WHALEN
BERTHA O'HARE
SARAH STAPE
MR. and MRS. FRANK
MUELLER
MARY E. MEYERS
MRS. GUIPEEN
AGNES D. LEAHY
JULIA E. SULLIVAN
JOHN HEALEY
JOHN J. HAWKINS
ROSE SMITH
SADIE RUOFF
MARGARET LANGEN-
STEIN
MRS. T. O'ROURKE
FLORENCE DANAHER
EDWARD MACK
ANNIE RAFTERY
MATILDA A. BARRY
JULIA F. FARACY

CONRAD ROSENBERGER
S. CROSSON
MARIE HAGGERTY
MARY ELIZABETH
MAYNER
ANN CLANCY
HELEN MORAN
MICHAEL O'LEARY
M. J. SHIELS
MARY ELDER
MRS. WALSH
JAMES DONOVAN
THOMAS DORMON

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

What Can Be Done



THE following excerpt from a letter gives a fair index to the possibilities for good in even one little Mission. It speaks of events now past and refers to a year long ago. But the future can witness a continuation of the same good if our friends will cooperate with us for the honor and glory of God:

SINCE last June seventy-five persons were baptized. Twelve hundred and sixty-two Confessions were heard. Thirty-six hundred Communions were received. There were two Catholic marriages, one death, and four received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

The Paotung District has four Government schools, whilst each Mission has a school of Christian Doctrine. Our dispensary treated over ten thousand cases, not counting first-aid in wartime and cases of dental work.

At present there are about five hundred Catechumens under instruction. My staff of helpers consists of ten Catechists, six school-teachers, one Chinese physician and six manual laborers. A Preparatory School has been started and now has four promising young men preparing for the Priesthood. An important item and one in which my friends helped me is the annual expenditures which are in excess of \$6,000. For these favors and the blessings I have received I call down upon my good friends God's favor. I ask them to help continue the good work. Is it not worthwhile?

—(Rev.) Raphael Vance, C.P.

PLEASE look at the SPIRITUAL TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND GOOD WORKS, in behalf of our Chinese Missionaries, on page 380. Will you increase that TREASURY by joining GEMMA'S LEAGUE? Will you contribute to the material upbuilding of our Missions by a donation? Any donation, large or small, will be heartily appreciated. Our Missionaries need both spiritual and financial help and are counting on your personal generosity to give it to them.



With Your Assistance

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

(Donations received up to February 15.)

CIRCLES: CONN.: Annunciata Circle \$23.10; N. Y., The Week Ender Circle \$30; Good Shepherd Circle \$5; PA., Mission Circle \$34-\$50.

ALA.: Bessemer, N. S. \$1.

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